

THE  
**SATURDAY REVIEW**  
OF  
POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 1,499, Vol. 58.

July 19, 1884.

[ Registered for  
Transmission abroad. ]

Price 6d.

FALSE ISSUES AND TRUE.

THE determination of the Conservative Peers and Commoners to abide by the principle of Lord CAIRNS's Amendment, and, while by no means shutting the door to a reasonable extension of the franchise, to decline altogether to consent to the maimed rite of enfranchisement without redistribution, is not only satisfactory in itself, but is the only course open to intelligent defenders of the rights of the constituencies. The complete agreement of the party in the Lower House with that in the Upper, the hearty approval of the conduct of both which has come from Conservative meetings and associations in the country, make it more difficult than ever even for the most reckless of partisans to keep up the pretext of an aristocratic conspiracy against the rights of the Commons and the people. And this agreement, though late, and not registered in the best and most convincing fashion, goes far to redeem what has been more than once pointed out here as the mismanagement of the Bill by the Conservative party in the Lower House. The loose and irregular fashion in which the battle was there fought undoubtedly strengthened the agitators to a certain extent; and it furnished Mr. FAWCETT (in the only statesmanlike speech which has yet been delivered from the Radical side on the crisis) with a plausible, though not much more than a plausible, case against the justification of the Lords as far as constitutional precedent goes. It is undoubtedly one of the principal functions, if not the principal function, of the Upper House to rescue the Commons and the country from snatched and unrepresentative majorities in the Lower. But the minorities must help the Lords to do this, and it cannot be said that such help has been very vigorously or very intelligently given in the earlier part of the present Session. The want of it was supplied, if not entirely compensated, by the meeting of Tuesday; while the meeting of Tuesday, in its turn, was supported by expressions of electoral opinion much more genuine and probably not much less weighty in mere bulk than the ready-made adulation of Mr. GLADSTONE and indignation against the House of Lords which have recently burdened the post and the telegraph-wires.

The false issues which the organizers of the intimidation of the House of Lords (a phrase excused, if not approved, by the ATTORNEY-GENERAL) have already placed before their public are so many that a critic might, in the sheer despair of exposing them in any reasonable space and time, resort to Mr. CARLYLE's famous contentment with a modest but irrevocable denial. An agitation which condescends to emblazon on flags the statement that "the Lords have killed" the London Government Bill, when it was perfectly understood by every tiro in politics that the Bill was practically, if not formally, abandoned already, and which in the teeth of fact asserts that the Lords have rejected the principle of further enfranchisement, have set themselves against the will of the people, and so forth, is probably beyond the reach of argument. But it is a commonplace of politics that it is never the actual agitators, either small or great, who produce any political effect, but the great dumb crowd of outsiders who are or are not affected by the agitation. To the members of Parliament who say the thing that is not to catch popular applause; to the firebrands who avowedly and ostentatiously care little for the Franchise Bill, but much for a handle against the Upper House; to the editors of newspapers who print columns full of accounts of Liberal meetings and resolutions, without mentioning the

Conservative meetings and resolutions at all, it would be as useless to speak as to the men who stagger under banners bearing inscriptions historically false and rhetorically childish. But the actual issue does not lie with these; it lies with the vast multitude of electors, not very wise nor very foolish, but quite wise enough to understand a political question put fairly and clearly before them, and not nearly foolish enough to be carried away by mere demonstrations, or to join in the curiously shameless cry that, good case or bad case, here is a case, such as it is, against the Upper House.

The latest attempt which has been made to delude these persons is the attempt to represent the proposal of Lord GRANVILLE the other night, and the proposal of Lord WEMYSS this week, as in some way a generous and liberal attempt at a compromise on the part of the Government. It is inconceivable that any man who has wit enough to understand and conduct the commonest affairs of life and business should be taken in by this misrepresentation. The objection of the House of Lords, of a very considerable number of members of the House of Commons, including some of the ablest Liberals in the House, and (as must be inferred from Mr. GLADSTONE's fear of an appeal to the country) of probably a majority of electors, is to enfranchisement without redistribution, to the letting in of a vast multitude of new electors, without even a faint idea of the principles which will guide the Government in allotting them their share of political power. This objection is by the proposal of Lord GRANVILLE, and even by that of Lord WEMYSS, affected exactly as much as it would be by a proposal to print the Bill when passed on pink or green paper instead of in the usual hues. When the Franchise Bill has once received the Royal assent, the Peers, the Conservative and moderate Liberal Commoners, and the millions of electors whose privileges are to be "watered" in this tremendous fashion, will be perfectly helpless to control the redistribution scheme. At any sign of criticism, at any sign of recalcitrance, a dissolution can force a general election with the borough constituencies left as they are, and the county constituencies flooded with a new electorate which, before redistribution, would in all probability everywhere outnumber the electorate as it exists in those constituencies. The purpose of the Government's obstinacy is perfectly clear. Mr. GLADSTONE has himself admitted that such a state of things as that sketched is the only means by which he hopes to get his Redistribution Bill through. And when it is further reflected that, since the matter became a burning one, every one of the constituencies which would, in the first place, be affected has returned Opposition candidates by large and, in most cases, increased majorities, the reason of his obstinacy becomes clearer still. Some, indeed, of the supporters of the Government have made the extraordinary statement that redistribution *ought* to be conducted in the interests of the dominant party for the time being. If this doctrine, which exceeds the wildest extensions of the spoils-to-the-victors theory with which any American politician has been credited, be accepted, the reasonable inference would be that, after every general election, if not before every general election as well, a new Redistribution Bill should be brought in. But no one, save an advocate at his wits' end for an argument or sublimely contemptuous of the intellects of the jury, is likely to accept it. The national interest is that redistribution should be conducted as little from the party view as possible, but, on the contrary, that it should be so managed

as to provide checks and safeguards against any too sweeping success of any party, any class, any power in the State. It is clear that any attempts in this direction, whether made by men like Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE or men like Mr. GOSCHEN, by men like Mr. GREGORY or men like Mr. WHITBREAD, must be useless, and are deliberately intended to be made useless, by Mr. GLADSTONE's plan of withholding redistribution till enfranchisement is carried. He might as well redistribute by Royal Warrant or by a Treasury Minute as by a scheme brought in under such conditions as those which Lord GRANVILLE proffers and which Lord WEMYSS is content with. Of all the false issues, then, that can be set before the public, there is none false than that opened by the question, Ought not the Lords to meet the Government half way in the path of compromise? Undoubtedly they ought; but here there is absolutely no compromise offered on the Government side. The terms offered to the Peers, the Conservative and moderate Liberal minority, and that body of electors which, as has been pointed out, Mr. GLADSTONE would appear to think the majority, are simply the terms of "heads I win, tails you lose." The Franchise Bill once passed, the Peers, the Commons, and the constituencies would have the choice of accepting Mr. GLADSTONE's scheme without discussion, or having it referred to an electorate doctored *ad hoc*, grossly unrepresentative of the balance of national interests, and so arranged that the very constituencies most affected will have least power of expressing their opinion.

#### FRANCE.

THE people of Paris have celebrated their newfangled national holiday in a manner altogether worthy of the occasion. There has been much parading about by rather depressed crowds, a proportionate flood of frothy eloquence, and a few spurts of horse-play. In spite of very adverse circumstances, the animal spirits of the Parisians were not to be repressed, and even contrived to display themselves in what might possibly have been a dangerous manner. Happily nothing more serious came of it than the destruction of a few flags and some panes of glass belonging to the owners of the Continental Hotel. Their injudicious manager helped to bring this misfortune on them. He probably made the foolish calculation that it is fourteen years since the war in which the Germans shocked the holiest feelings of every Frenchman by winning with thoroughness and rapidity, and that in this time the Parisians might be supposed to have recovered their manners. Perhaps, too, he thought of his customers, and of their money—which is not found to be unwelcome in Paris. He should have remembered the glorious day when the people in their thousands met to indulge the noble, patriotic, and, above all, safe amusement of howling at the King of Spain. The burning of the German flags civilly hung out from the window of the hotel was another manifestation of the same kind, equally ignoble, and likely to lead to nothing more unpleasant. It is true that the mob threatened to go further, and tried to kill a German. Happily they did not succeed. The tall man with the fair hair who was chased through the street got safe into a Government office, "under the protection of our flag," as the French newspapers put it. As nothing worse happened to him, Prince BISMARCK will probably be content with saying that he had no business there. The PRINCE has told his countrymen already that, in his opinion, they had better go to Paris as little as possible. The incident itself is another reminder to the Germans, if they need any, that the French hate them as heartily as ever, and would very much like to do them a damage if it were not so dangerous to try. An apology will be given, or has been given, by the unlucky diplomatists who have to eat humble pie for the stupid violence of the Parisian mob, and nothing more is likely to be heard of the affair. The only appropriate answer to this last outbreak was given by the German who told the excited Alsatian procession that it should try to take the flag down from the walls of Strasburg. If any subject of the Empire is really damaged, more will be asked, and that in sufficiently peremptory terms; but, as far as the flags of hotel-keepers are concerned, the mob may do after its kind. These curious patriots will doubtless keep well away from the German Embassy; and, for the rest, it is a far cry from the Place de la Concorde to Strasburg.

The national festival is a sufficiently curious spectacle in itself at all times. It would seem as if the Republicans

cannot persuade themselves that they really are alive without solemnly asserting the fact once a year. On the Fourteenth of every July they must collect together to celebrate the sacking of a disused prison and the murder of a handful of crippled military pensioners, and this by way of reminding themselves and the world that France has regenerated Europe. To a foreigner it does not appear probable that this imaginary service to mankind will be soon forgotten by the people who suppose themselves to have rendered it, still less that the cause of Republican progress will be served by another yearly holiday; and, if something of the sort was to be established in honour of the Revolution, a worse occasion could scarcely have been found than the storming of the Bastille, the first of a hundred pieces of cruel and cowardly mob violence, which ended by putting France under the military despotism of NAPOLEON. If the Republicans, however, elect to date from a street row on a large scale, the sacking of the Bastille was undoubtedly as appropriate an occasion as another. It was a more respectable business, after all, than the rabbling of the Legislative Chambers during the German invasion which carried M. GAMBETTA to a wider sphere of influence than the café. Further, it has the immense advantage of being most particularly offensive to all that part of the nation which is not Republican. The memory of all that followed the heroic feat gives great zest to a festival which was designed to rival the ceremonies of the Church in such a way as to insult its beliefs. The pleasure of so aggravating a beaten enemy perhaps explains why the fête was held this year at all. From the point of view of common sense and common humanity it is not to be accounted for at all. The cholera is unquestionably spreading all over the south of France and working its way to Paris. It has not yet got so bad as to justify, if indeed anything can justify, the contemptible panic at Toulon and Marseilles, but it is steadily getting worse. Paris is threatened, and is in no state to run any unnecessary risk. Since the Town Council took to preaching the sacred principles of revolution, the streets and the drains have been neglected as a matter of course. It is shown at the eleventh hour that the sanitary laws passed to secure the comparative decency of the poorer quarters of the city have never been properly enforced. When the appearance of the cholera at Toulon frightened the municipal authorities into watering the streets profusely, the supply soon threatened to become exhausted, and it has been found necessary to fall back on inferior sources for domestic use. Bad drains, dirty houses inhabited by poor and ill-fed people, and an insufficient water supply, all working with the assistance of exceptionally hot weather, are enough to produce an epidemic of themselves. They certainly do not require to be strengthened by collecting crowds which are notoriously the happy hunting ground of the germs of disease, even when the general health is good. With cholera already in the country, it seems little short of insanity to encourage thousands of possible victims to put themselves in the way of danger. The Ministry was manifestly of that opinion, and would willingly have shown ordinary prudence. At least, it hesitated before it decided to neglect the advice of the doctors and obey the ardent Republicans of the Town Council and the press. It wavered between forbidding or permitting the festival, and did go so far as to give up the usual review at Longchamps, and so save the garrison of Paris from broiling for hours in the sun. The great military display was replaced by two marches past, which were got over quietly and at a reasonably early hour. In other respects the duty of doing homage to the principles of 1789 and reminding Europe that it was saved by France has been considered too peremptory to be neglected. The national festival has gone on, the customary crowds have collected, diminished by the sensible people who stayed away, but still far too large, and the Town Council has sat solemnly in red chairs while some thousands of boys have marched past them in a hot sun, looking as much like soldiers as they should. The sentiments of the grown-up Republicans have been duly elevated. Whether the boys will profit by it remains to be seen. There will be no cause for surprise if some of them are not ill already and hundreds have not been brought into the most favourable condition for the reception of the cholera. The Town Council is indifferent to such trifling matters. It has made its demonstration and shown off its army of schoolboys. When the epidemic is in Paris, the Council and its supporters will complete the circle of folly by a panic in exact proportion to their previous rashness.



While France has a flourishing pestilence at home, it is too plainly about to have a war abroad. Whatever doubt there ever was that the prevalent party in China has decided on re-opening the Tonquin question must be given up. It is asserted, and everything which has happened of late makes the story probable, that the Tsung li Yamen has refused to recall its garrisons or to hear of paying an indemnity. Of course this, if true, is war, and not an underhand half-avowed struggle of the Tonquin kind, but an open fight carried on by French squadrons and armies of occupation on the coast of China. There will only be one opinion in the civilized world as to the statesmanship and patriotism of the Ministers who have undone the Treaty of Tientsin, but that is not likely to have much influence on Tzo Tzung Tang and the other members of the war party. They particularly wish, if their reputation is deserved, to insult what the outer barbarian calls the civilized world, and they also wish to ruin Li Hung Chang, the friend of the foreigner. A war with France would be an excellent way of doing both these things. The French may possibly, and even probably, abstain from attacking the treaty ports; but if so, they will not unreasonably expect to continue to enjoy their treaty rights. Their subjects will have to be defended, and their trade, such as it is, secured. It is not improbable that they may insist on provisioning themselves in these Chinese ports while they are actually fighting the Chinese Empire. If they abstain from hostile measures, it is hard to see how they are to be prevented from using these ports, except by the neutral European Powers. They cannot be expected to leave them alone if the Chinese are allowed to take the first step. It is needless to point out what that means. A war between France and China will impose on other European Powers the necessity of taking serious military measures. Considering the prospect of disturbance, loss, and danger before us, we are fully justified in looking beyond the fact that the immediate offence comes from China, to the other fact that the responsibility for the troubled state of the far East rests originally on France.

#### THE AMERICAN PRESIDENCY.

THE Democratic Convention at Chicago resolved with less than usual delay on the expected nomination of Mr. CLEVELAND as candidate for the Presidency. Mr. HENDRICKS, who suffered with Mr. TILDEN by the fraudulent counting of votes in 1876, commanded so much popular favour at Chicago that the opponents of CLEVELAND at one time attempted to effect his nomination for the Presidency. In accordance with a laudable custom, he was consoled by nomination as Vice-President for a defeat which can scarcely have surprised him. His supporters hope that he will be able to carry for the Democrats his own State of Indiana; and he will also profit by the sympathy which was justly felt for himself and Mr. TILDEN. Few Americans and no prudent foreigner will anticipate with confidence the result of the impending contest. If the election were controlled by the more enlightened classes, the superior claims of Mr. CLEVELAND and his colleagues would be decisive; but Mr. BLAINE will perhaps appeal with success to the prejudices of a section of the Democrats, while the great majority of the Republicans will hesitate to desert the standard of the party. The Irish citizens of the United States have adhered steadily to the Democratic party during the long obscurity of its fortunes; but Mr. CLEVELAND is not likely to excite their enthusiasm, and demagogues of the class which is represented in New York by KELLY and his associates of Tammany Hall will perhaps maintain the antagonism to Mr. CLEVELAND which they proclaimed at Chicago.

It is satisfactory to find that the Democratic managers appreciate the electoral value of personal character. It is possible that they might have been less scrupulous if the Republicans had not put forward a candidate who was open to attack. The consequence has been that all Mr. CLEVELAND's competitors have been highly respectable, and the successful candidate is probably the best. Mr. CLEVELAND was elected as Governor of New York by a coalition of parties, for the purpose of promoting upright administration of public affairs. He has faithfully redeemed all his pledges, at the cost of provoking the bitter enmity of Tammany Hall. There is no doubt that if he is elected he will administer the Acts for Civil Service Reform in their spirit as well as in their letter. It remains to be seen whether the public good will be preferred by the

constituency to the immediate interests of the party. The Democrats have four-and-twenty years of exclusion from power and from place to make up if they win the present election. Mr. CLEVELAND can scarcely fail to cause disappointment if he refuses to make a sweep of existing public officers. General BUTLER, who is a competent authority on such a point, informed the Convention that no one in the United States cared for Civil Service Reform except the schoolmasters, who probably correspond in this respect to English crammers. Mr. BLAINE will not, unless he has renounced the habits of his political life, side with the schoolmasters against the managers of elections. The issue between corruption and inconvenient purity will not necessarily be decided in accordance with the public interest. It is not impossible that BUTLER, who has frequently changed his party, may be found on the present occasion among the supporters of BLAINE. Mr. CLEVELAND has had no occasion to express his opinions on foreign affairs; but he will probably continue the simple and peaceable policy of Mr. ARTHUR. It is indeed happily difficult for an American President to quarrel with foreign Governments. The most ignorant Irish voters must know that no Government of the United States would go to war to redress their imaginary wrongs; but an unscrupulous candidate may use irritating language in the hope of conciliating support. Election agents and itinerant orators of both parties may probably yield to the temptation; but Mr. BLAINE and Mr. LOGAN are more likely than their rivals on the Democratic side to countenance menace and bluster.

The Democratic platform is less judicious than the selection of candidates. The lengthy document is evidently the result of a compromise between two sections of the party. It is consequently ambiguous, inconsistent, and vague, nor can it accurately represent the opinions of the successful candidates. By a deviation from ordinary practice, a considerable portion of the resolutions is devoted, not to the expression of political opinions, but to an apparently irrelevant attack on the adverse party. The Committee on Resolutions probably intended to express their approval of a policy opposite to that which is imputed to their Republican opponents; but a negative and indirect profession of faith is inconvenient and obscure. Some of the offences which are denounced are scarcely grave enough to raise a question of principle. At the end of a long series of antithetic contrasts between the supposed principles and the alleged practice of the hostile party, it is said that, while the Republicans pretended to assert the equality of classes, they had passed an Act for the purpose which was condemned by the Supreme Court as unconstitutional. The reference is to an injudicious Bill for securing impartial treatment of white and coloured guests in hotels, and travellers on railways. That such a collision with prejudice was injudicious and fussy is too trivial a proposition to form a suitable part of the Democratic creed. Stronger objection may be taken to an elaborate complaint that the Republicans have not, during the five-and-twenty years of their supremacy, added any territory to the Republic except the barren wastes of Alaska. The Democrats boast that in a much shorter period they annexed Texas, California, and other provinces once belonging to Mexico; and the Committee also mention with complacency the earlier acquisitions of Florida and Louisiana. It is scarcely expedient to recall the memory of the Mexican war, of the annexation of Texas, and of the frequent attempts of Democratic statesmen and Presidents to find additional facilities for the extension of slavery. BUCHANAN, the last Democratic President, before and during his term of office was actively engaged in lawless projects for the conquest or compulsory purchase of Cuba. The most restless patriots will scarcely suggest that Mr. CLEVELAND, if he is elected, ought to enlarge the dominion of the United States at the expense of unoffending neighbours; yet the taunts directed against the unambitious policy attributed to the Republicans is pointless if former Presidents were well advised in abstaining from wanton and useless designs of aggression. General GRANT from time to time during both his terms of office promoted schemes of territorial aggrandizement. It is not known that the refusal of his own party to concur in his ambitious plans were disapproved by his political opponents. A recommendation that friendly relations should be cultivated with the South American Republics has a questionable ring. The recommendation, as it is framed, excludes the Empire of Brazil, which is the most important of South American States; and it will be regarded as an assumption of patronizing superiority rather than as a friendly overture

by such States as Chili and Peru. The objectionable paragraph seems to have been framed for the purpose of a bid against Mr. BLAINE, who contrived as Secretary of State to alienate and offend both the Republics to which he offered his mediation.

The "planks" or parts of the Democratic platform which relate to the more practical question of fiscal and commercial policy are evidently the result of a compromise among contending sections of the party. The Committee on Resolutions has studiously and not unsuccessfully contrived to pronounce opinions which may be understood in different or in opposite senses. The declaration that the tariff ought to be adjusted with an exclusive view to the interests of the revenue is qualified by several protests against any interference with vested interests or with domestic industry. The ingenious politicians who drew up the document must have been well aware that a protective tariff could by no possibility be so framed as to be most productive of revenue. Probably for the purpose of quieting the alarms of suspicious monopolists, stress is laid on the fact that the Federal revenue has at all times been principally derived from Customs duties. It would not have been convenient to add the statement that duties on imported articles not produced at home would be exclusively profitable to the Treasury, while protective taxation includes additional tribute to private manufacturers or producers. In dealing with the currency the Convention uses language not less ambiguous. In former times the Democrats were not especially devoted to the maintenance of the public credit; but now they propose to confine the attribute of legal tender exclusively to a metallic coinage. The mention of silver as well as of gold seems to pledge the Convention to the bi-metallic heresy. General BUTLER asserted, not without a certain degree of accuracy, that greenbacks are at present as good as gold, and much better than silver. In other words, the paper-money of the Republic is at par, while silver, which at the instance of the Nevada mine-owners is still coined in large quantities, is at a heavy discount. On the whole, the Republican platform, with all its audacious defiance of economic soundness, is a more consistent and intelligible declaration than the rival document. It is evident that while the Republicans profess doctrines of Protection, the Democrats are afraid before the election to pledge themselves to Free-trade. If they succeed in the contest they will, perhaps, show themselves better than their professions. The result will not depend on the comparative strength of the regular parties. The personal preference which must be accorded to Mr. CLEVELAND is not an unmixed advantage to his adherents.

#### ESOTERIC BOSH.

CONSIDERED as a profession, with its share of social and more substantial good things, the affectation of "aestheticism" is quite outworn. The practice of philanthropy, too, after a brief but promising season, has fallen back into the hands of persons really interested in the fortunes or misfortunes of the poor. It is time for a new folly. The house of public credulity is open, swept, and garnished, and has been adroitly occupied by some spirits from the East. For nearly ten years people who do not confine their reading to novels have heard hints and rumours of a Theosophic Society, of a wonder-working Indo-Slavonic-American Sibyl, and of the marvellous "Thibetan adepts." A wholly unreadable book, named *Isis Unveiled*, was published by some person or persons interested in this movement. It seemed about equally composed of *Zanoni* and the *Strange Story*, popular conceptions of Eastern mysticism, a dash of American spiritualistic twaddle, and other equally valuable ingredients, with an immense stock of ignorance about the real nature of ancient religions. No one could stand *Isis Unveiled*, and afterwards shorter manuals of the latest phase of credulity were put out under the names of *Occult Philosophy* and *Esoteric Buddhism*. This sceptical generation of ours is always seeking for a sign. It seeks signs from evolution and table-turning and psychical research and things called, by a pleasing bull, "Visible Apparitions." Occult philosophy offered plenty of "signs," teacups miraculously created inside terraces of earth, rings and letters wafted from Thibet, and abundance of similar prodigies. Then Buddhism was a little in fashion, and some people already seek distinction by calling themselves Buddhists. Perhaps they are right in

refusing to "learn the Sanskrit Grammar" before adopting the truth as it is in SAKYA MUNI. Learned people who know Sanskrit never agree with each other on any Sanskrit subject. About Buddhism in particular there is the wildest difference of opinion among the erudite, and no one seems sure whether the Buddhist does or does not believe in the continued existence of the soul.

The evangelists of Esoteric Buddhism, which is a mixture of Yankee gush and shrewdness, with some misapplied tags of modern science, an exhaustive ignorance of the history of religion, and some miracle-mongering, have no doubt about the continued existence of several sorts of souls, some of them bogies. This draws them close to that intelligent body, the Psychical Research Society. For the patrons of psychical research Esoteric Buddhism has this charm—that it offers the greatest quantity of prodigies with the slightest possible basis of evidence. We are asked to believe that a set of wizards, with lives supernaturally prolonged, live in Thibet, and communicate miraculously a religious and scientific doctrine to the evangelists. The boy who was asked what faith was, in an examination, replied that it was "believing in something which you were perfectly certain could not possibly be true." Believers in Esoteric Buddhism require faith of this high and intelligent quality. Mr. ARTHUR LILLIE has lately increased their stock of this quality by demonstrating that Esoteric Buddhism is neither Buddhism nor esoteric. He has published his conclusions in a pamphlet called *Koot Hoomi Unveiled* (E. W. Allen). He who studies this pamphlet, if he still believes in Esoteric Buddhism, will, we think, satisfy even the schoolboy's ideal of faith. He will firmly believe in what he is perfectly certain cannot possibly be true. KOOT HOOMI is the name of the Thibetan adept who mystically communicates his inspired ideas to his Anglo-Indian-Slavonic-American disciples. He uses a "Psychological Telegraph," which would be of much use to our Government in certain contingencies. The beliefs of KOOT HOOMI, as analysed by Mr. LILLIE, are these:—

There is no God.

Miracles are performed by His ineffable name.

The reward of the just is annihilation.

The punishment of the wicked is annihilation.

The magical doctrines which accompany these consistent dogmas are borrowed, Mr. LILLIE avers, from "ELIPHAS Lévi's *Le Dogme et Rituel de la Haute Magie*. The geology of the system is derived from DONELLY's *Atlantis*. The Thibetan Buddhists seldom use Thibetan words; when they do, they don't understand their meaning. Finally (for the present) the inspired KOOT HOOMI reveals to his disciples, by Psychological Telegraph, a message "taken almost verbatim from an address delivered by Professor KIDDLE of America, about a year before." Oh, KIDDLE! oh, KOOT HOOMI, how esoteric are these proceedings! Yes, KOOT HOOMI offers to the world, as a miraculous communication, in June 1881, the very platitudes which the uninspired Professor KIDDLE uttered, on August 15, 1880, at Lake Pleasant Camp, in a discourse called the "Present Outlook of Spiritualism." This is Professor KIDDLE's account of the matter at least, and he supports his charge of plagiarism by damaging parallel columns. However, we do not expect Esoteric Buddhism or Theosophy to be damaged by those revelations. The profession flourishes so much that the public are beginning to hear of it. This is success.

#### THE THAMES.

WHEN Sir CHARLES DILKE said that the Thames was a savage place he was more in the right than he seems to have known. It is by the testimony of many and independent witnesses a very savage place indeed, and is proportionately dirty and disorderly. Moreover, it is in process of disappearing before the advance of civilization. Aggrieved parishioners from above, between, and below the bridges tell the same story—a story of sewage. Up at Richmond and Isleworth the mud-banks are enough to breed a pestilence, and they don't know what to do with the output of their drains. Mr. WOOD writes from Abbey Wood, Kent, to draw "attention to a source of danger" which, after a somewhat varied experience in all "parts of the world," he has "rarely seen equalled and never surpassed." If Mr. WOOD is not run away with by his adjectives, the state of things he describes is certainly as bad as it can be. He has found the Thames below the outfall of the London drainage to be covered



with "nameless abominations," and its air polluted by a "sickly effluvia" which turns the meat and bread supplied to the ships putrid in a "surprisingly short time." Other witnesses cite cases of illness directly produced by the poisonous sewer gases. The evidence given to the Select Committee of the House of Commons now inquiring into the drainage of the upper river is to the same effect. It has also to listen to a good deal about nuisances of another kind. Many of the people who use the river seem to be quite worthy of the nastiness they paddle among. They make disturbances and destroy property on the banks. This is a very old complaint, and has been copiously examined in its day; but for the moment the river itself is the object of inquiry. The Thames is in danger of disappearing under the sewage put into it. While the drainage increases, the water is steadily diminishing. In the presence of such a danger the misconduct of ARRY and the pest of steam-launches are mere irritations, which can be left to be cured later on. If the river itself is to be turned into a larger edition of the Fleet Ditch, they may even do what they please. In the first place, they will be left alone, and then even they will go away. But the deliverance would be bought very dearly by the sacrifice of the Thames; and, as they keep saying from Teddington to Erith, it is time that something was being done.

On that point everybody is agreed; but no two judges seem of the same mind as to what is to be done, or who is to do it. This question of "the person" is a very tender one and a dangerous to touch in these days, we know. There is such a terribly easy answer, and it will so surely be given. When the London Municipality Bill becomes an Act, then the river shall be cleansed, is the reply kept ready by the HOME SECRETARY, and he will again be prepared to demonstrate for the twentieth time that slimy mud, and nameless abominations, and sewer gases, and increasing drainage with diminishing water are just what Londoners deserve who do not care in the least for his wondrous Bill. Perhaps this trick has been played often enough, and we may at last be stirred into showing our boisterous Minister that it is not so much in his power as he supposes to put us between the Devil and the deep sea, or, rather, not to keep us there till his blackmail is paid. For, indeed, we are in that dilemma at present. On the one hand, we have the difficulty of getting rid of our sewage, and the terrible temptation to turn it into the Thames. On the other hand, experience shows that it is a nuisance and a danger when it gets there. When Sir THOMAS NELSON comes forward with a plan for a gigantic sewage farm to be formed quite close to Mortlake, everybody within miles protests very reasonably, and that scheme is dismissed. Nothing takes its place except suggestions and evidence offered to the Select Committee, and contradictory proposals for doing this or that with the Lower Thames Valley Main Sewerage District. The difficulty of a satisfactory settlement grows every day. London and its suburbs are increasing rapidly, and have daily more to turn into the drains. It seems that under the existing system there is a limit to the amount of sewage which can be delivered for purification daily from each house in some districts, and accordingly a surplus must remain to breed disease. What does find its way into the Thames is coming more and more to form the bulk of the river. The pure water is steadily diminishing. Now that the Embankment has removed some of the impediments to the easy flow of the river, it escapes far more rapidly than it used to do. Then the Water Companies tap the river above Teddington Weir, and it is certain that they take more than they used to take when the stream was fuller. There seems to be some difficulty in learning how much they do take. Mr. LABOUCHERE, who has no apparent reason for understating the amount, puts it down at one-seventh, and he has fears for the safety of the remaining six-sevenths. Other authorities put the amount "abstracted" by the Companies at two-thirds, which certainly looks like an excessive estimate. Whichever it is, or whether it lies between the two, there can be no doubt that much of the Thames water is drawn off to where it is of little use for the purpose of keeping London sweet. The level of the river below Teddington is yearly sinking, and the sewage which should be carried off is consequently left to fester on the bank. Even when it does get into the stream there is less water to dilute it. The difficulty of settling the matter is manifest enough on the mere statement of the conditions. The drainage question is complicated by the other and equally important question of water supply. The Thames is not

sufficient to supply both services, to say nothing of the fact that the river is, and ought to be, something more to Londoners than so much useful water. But because a difficulty is great, it is not, therefore, to be peddled with or let alone. Now letting it alone or peddling with it are the only two courses which the authorities appear to think lie open to them at present. Of course things will be different when we get the Municipal Government Bill; but as there seems to be no considerable chance that we shall have that happiness for some time, might not something be done in the meanwhile? The power to put things right is not wanting, and, if it is not used, unscrupulous persons will be more than ever inclined to assert that every nuisance is welcome to a HOME SECRETARY who thinks any stick good enough to beat the Opposition dog with. It is from him that the impulse must come, for it is not to be supposed that local reformers and ingenious gentlemen who have a scheme will give them up except under pressure.

While the bed of the Thames is getting into a worse condition every week, the Board of Works and a Special Committee are puzzling away over plans for making the much-needed bridge at the Tower, and the Subway lower down. It is now as many years as are usually taken up in a professional education since they have been hammering away at plans and estimates; but we are apparently no nearer a settlement than we were four years ago. Every now and then a Report is published, carefully adorned with sums in addition and subtraction. Much is said about high-level bridges, low-level bridges, and swing bridges; subways here and subways there are talked about very learnedly, and with an impartial mind are praised, and then set aside as impossible. Meanwhile nothing whatever has been done to supply a notorious want. It would really appear to be time that, since all the conflicting authorities cannot agree as to what would be the best possible bridge, they should take the second best and build that. Obviously if we are to wait till all the doctors agree, the argument will be handed down from engineering father to engineering son, and will be going on as briskly as ever in the middle of the next century. It is probable that the amount of money already spent on papers, printing, and fees would have built a first-rate cruiser, which would have been a much more profitable employment for it. In any case, it is fully time that we had a definite statement as to the position of the undertaking, and one of the remaining nights of Supply might profitably be spent in extorting it from the Chairman of the Board of Works.

#### AUSTRALIAN AFFAIRS.

THE Prime Minister of VICTORIA has officially advised the agent of the Colony in England that the Parliament has unanimously passed a Bill in confirmation of the scheme which was recommended some months ago by the Conference of Ministers at Sydney. The project included a limited system of federation, a proposal for annexation of the whole or part of New Guinea and of some other Pacific islands, and common legislation on the part of all the Australian Colonies against immigrants from the French penal settlements. It is expected that the Tasmanian Legislature will pass similar resolutions; but the question appears not to have been yet submitted to any Colonial Parliament except that of Victoria. Even Queensland, which is most nearly concerned in securing the neighbouring regions from foreign European settlement, has not yet taken any active measures for promoting annexation. The Ministers of the different Colonies, when they met in Conference, probably understood the general feeling and opinion of their respective constituents, though they had not had the opportunity of consulting them. It had before that time hardly been expected that any plan of federation would meet with general favour. Lord DERBY, who first proposed the measure, has perhaps been surprised by the general and ready acceptance of his suggestion. Until lately none of the Colonies seemed to think that the time had arrived for forming a closer union. It is difficult to judge whether the tie between the Colonies and the Imperial Government would be strengthened or weakened by the formation of one great independent community. No English Minister would refuse the consent of the Crown to a measure of the kind if it were generally desired by the Colonies; but perhaps it might have been advisable to wait until they took the initiative.

When, at the beginning of a long series of blunders and

disasters, a federal union of the South African States and Colonies was promoted by Lord CARNARVON, the common interest of all the settlements in securing themselves against native hostility was the professed motive of the scheme. It has since been ascertained that the proposed combination was impracticable, and the plan is not likely to be revived during the present generation. The immediate danger against which the Australian Colonies are now anxious to protect themselves is of a more remote and imaginary character. No comprehensive policy is needed to facilitate legislation against escaped or pardoned criminals from New Caledonia or other French penal settlements. Convicts who cannot speak English will never be formidable, even if they were to resume their former practices, to a community in which they would be instantly recognized. There is in Australia no disaffected or alien population with which French fugitives or immigrants could associate themselves. An English swindler or highwayman might commit with impunity more serious crimes than ten times the number of foreigners. If it were thought desirable that several Colonies should pass identical measures of precaution, such an arrangement could easily be made without the cumbersome machinery of federation. The remoter settlements, such as Tasmania, South Australia, and New Zealand, are practically protected by their situation against unwelcome visitors. The successful resistance of the Colonies many years ago to the admission of English convicts was prompted rather by a desire to relieve themselves from a slur than by fear of the increase of crime. It is evident that no body of French criminals, however lawless, could affect the character or reputation of the community.

The possibility that European Powers may establish colonies of their own in the South Pacific furnishes a more legitimate cause for anxiety. In former times the inhabitants of Australia and New Zealand might reasonably hope that in founding new homes at the Antipodes they had escaped from the Old-World troubles of diplomacy and war. With native enemies they were ready to deal, but they hoped to be exempt from the vicinity of alien equals. When the French first occupied New Caledonia, the people of New South Wales, by a sound instinct, regarded the settlement with distasteful anxiety, though it was separated from their own country by a thousand miles of sea. The antagonism of Englishmen and Frenchmen has for centuries caused frequent bloodshed and rendered necessary costly military preparations. It was a misfortune, if not a grievance, that in the Southern hemisphere it should still be necessary to watch, to negotiate, and perhaps to fight. The French are not the only unwelcome neighbours who may perhaps occupy posts in the South Pacific. The desire for colonial possessions is becoming active in Germany; and Prince BISMARCK has announced that, while he will found no colonies, he will produce the same result by protecting the German flag wherever it may be planted by private adventurers. The first, if not the most important, consequence of colonization from Continental Europe is the exclusion of British commerce from regions where it was encouraged by more hospitable barbarians. The establishment of military posts and of armed squadrons would be more alarming. The danger which now impends had been warded off from the continent of Australia and from New Zealand by the prudent courage of English Ministers. When the Colonial or Foreign Minister of the day was asked by the French Government what part of the coast of Australia was claimed by the Crown, he simply answered "the whole." Mr. GLADSTONE only a year or two ago spoke of the colonization of New Zealand as a misfortune to be regretted. If he had controlled the destinies of the Empire at an earlier time half the Colonial territory might now be French; and perhaps chronic warfare would have illustrated the advantages of self-denying timidity.

It is easier to appreciate the justice of the protests made by the Australian Colonies than to provide a remedy. The Governor of New South Wales in his formal answer to a representation made by his Ministers strictly conforms to precedent and propriety by expressing his confidence that the French Government will display in dealing with the Colonial remonstrances the friendly feeling which is supposed to characterize its relations with the Imperial Government. It is right to be courteous, but not to be deceived by the use of conventional phrases. The French Government has not of late been in the habit of consulting English interests; and in some parts of the world its agents have sought popularity by ostentatious disregard of the rights of English subjects. Lord ROSEBURY exercised a

sound discretion in postponing, at the instance of Lord GRANVILLE, his motion on the question of French convict settlements; but, unless the policy of the French Government is wholly abandoned, the nuisance will not be abated. According to the statement of the Governor of New South Wales, escaped convicts from New Caledonia are constantly landing on the coast of Australia; and some of them swell the criminal classes of the towns. The French authorities will certainly decline to allow interference with their own prison discipline or with their supervision of convicts who may be allowed to go at large. The English Government has no further means of protecting colonial interests, if its remonstrances are neglected. New South Wales, Victoria, and Queensland must, as has already been suggested, rely for protection on their own vigilance, and on their power of domestic legislation. If the French Government floods New Caledonia and other islands which may perhaps be occupied for the purpose with thousands of criminals, it will be justifiable and necessary to forbid suspected Frenchmen from landing on the coast. There would be no opportunity of making reprisals; and a resort to hostile measures need not be feared. There are sufficient precedents for refusal to admit unwelcome immigrants. The Americans refuse to receive English paupers, and Congress has prohibited the admission of Chinese workmen and artisans. A Frenchman would be as easily identified as a Chinaman at an Australian Custom-house.

The assent of the Imperial Government to reasonable measures of exclusion would not be withheld; and, indeed, except as a formal process, it would not be required. Much more difficult questions are raised by the proposal of territorial annexations in New Guinea and other islands. The risk of external collision has been already considered; and the Home Government not unreasonably hesitates to undertake an unremunerative responsibility. Up to the present time no instance has occurred of sub-colonization, or the foundation and government by one dependency of another. The hasty occupation by an emissary of the Queensland Government of a portion of New Guinea was summarily checked by Lord DERBY; and the Colonial Government silently acquiesced in the repudiation of its enterprise. In former times the unsystematic colonial policy of England was not unlike that which has been lately proclaimed by Prince BISMARCK. Naval officers and independent voyagers hoisted the English flag on almost every spot which they found unoccupied by European settlers; and, if the ceremony was followed by actual settlement, the Government, after more or less delay, extended protection to its adventurous subjects. The Fiji islands, which are the latest acquisition of the Crown, were taken under English sovereignty for the purpose of controlling a lawless white population and of protecting the natives who had been to a great extent previously converted by the praiseworthy efforts of Wesleyan missionaries. It may perhaps be expedient to follow a similar course in that part of New Guinea which borders on the Torres Straits. If the Australian Colonies determine to form a confederation, they will have fulfilled the condition on which Lord DERBY seems to hint a promise of complying with their wishes. They must become more powerful before they can assert the claim which they have sometimes seemed to prefer of applying a MONROE doctrine of their own to the Southern Archipelago. As long as they regulate their pretensions by their resources and opportunities, the Australians may confidently reckon on the good will of the English people, and, in case of need and in a just cause, of their active aid. A population of only three or four millions must for the present be modest and cautious.

#### MOMENTOUS MONDAY.

WHETHER or not a compromise be effected between the two Houses of Parliament on the Franchise Bill, one thing is certain, that the organizers of outdoor demonstrations will not lose the opportunities which the fine weather of the present exceptional season offers in abundance. In any case, peaceable men will have to bear with many airs played (not in tune) on the cornet, flute, harp, sackbut, psaltery, dulcimer, and all kinds of music, with flags, speeches, and resolutions to match. We all like an excuse for a holiday. The House of Commons (described by Mr. BRIGHT four years ago as the best that he had ever known, and now by Mr. GLADSTONE as so much worse than any which he knew in his youth that its



procedure must be for a second time radically reformed) adjourns for the Derby Day. The form that the holiday takes depends, like the spelling of Mr. WELLER's name, on the fancy and taste of the individual, or, it may be added, on his opportunities. Some go yachting, some climb the Alps, some depart to a rural retreat, some to the seaside, and some, again, "demonstrate." It is not uninteresting to consider the circumstances of the demonstration.

On this point an instructive letter appeared in the *Standard* of Wednesday last. It contains nothing new to those who are at all familiar with the inner working of Radical associations, but is well worth the attention of those who fancy that a large crowd cheering violent speeches represents the thought and purpose of the majority of Englishmen. How easy it is for unscrupulous persons to manufacture the semblance of public opinion is clearly shown in this letter. On the 21st of the month, as we all know, there is to be a great "Demonstration" in favour of dealing first with the franchise and afterwards with redistribution—that is, in Mr. BRIGHT's words, with the shadow first and with the substance after. The "Demonstration" is in keeping with the policy of the Government. It is announced, writes the correspondent (himself a member of the Society), that the "London Society of Compositors" is to be "represented" at the forthcoming Demonstration. A notice, it appears, was issued by the Committee urging the members of the Society to take part in the Demonstration. No opportunity, however, was given for discussion, and those opposed to the proposal were unable to express their opinions. The ballot on the question was hurried through with such haste that only a little over two-thirds of a Society of six thousand members obtained voting papers at all. Of the number who voted 1,899 were in favour of the Demonstration, and 1,576 were against it, the remainder of the votes being returned too late, or unaccounted for, or informal. It is perfectly clear that, if time had been given for debate as to the course which the Society should adopt, and if the vote had afterwards been taken in a businesslike manner, the result might have been very different, and that a majority might have decided against taking part in next Monday's political recreation. There is not the least doubt that this is only one of many similar cases. It is instructive to note that, according to the rules of the Society, "the Executive" has power to represent the members in trade matters "only." The Committee, therefore, in this case has not only usurped functions to which it has no title, but has also used these usurped functions unjustifiably. In the case of the London Shipwrights the hollowness of the proceedings seems to have been even greater. How many of those who will meet on Monday in Hyde Park will be brought there by similar devices we cannot undertake to estimate. It is said that 120,000 persons will be present on that day. The calculation reminds us of a sermon which we once heard from an officer of the Salvation Army, who "estimated" that the tonnage of Noah's Ark was exactly equal to that of seventeen iron-clad vessels. If the weather on Monday be at all like that which prevailed when the Ark was afloat, the numbers present will probably fall short of the expectations cherished by Mr. GEORGE HOWELL and his friends. The rain for which the tenant-farmer is now praying will have a dampening effect on the enthusiasm of those who are now striving to extinguish the tenant-farmer's political influence. But perhaps next Monday will be fine; and then, no doubt, there will be a great many people in Hyde Park—more, in fact, than on most fine days—and not a few of them will be animated by a political spirit as intelligent as that of the charwoman also spoken of in the *Standard*, who "had to go to the funeral of the Lords, but didn't know why."

#### EGYPT.

THERE are certain signs—not absolutely trustworthy, but sufficient for the formation of a fair conjecture—that with the end of Ramadan the obscurity which has so long prevailed as to the affairs of Upper Egypt and Nubia may be dissipated. It is exceedingly probable that, if it is, it will not be in a manner at all satisfactory to England. No one of the several rumours affecting the fate of General GORDON deserves that much reliance should be placed on it; but a consensus, or at least a group, of such rumours, coming from very different sources, seems to show that

something—it may be a very serious something—happened at Khartoum about two months ago. Again, Abyssinian action is expected in the neighbourhood of Kassala, and no one who is at all acquainted with the antecedent relations of Abyssinia and Egypt in these regions can help waiting very curiously to see what the form and the result of this action may be. Lastly, the danger on the Upper Nile appears to be approaching very closely to the English and Egyptian outposts proper, and the mysterious and contradictory news from Dongola can hardly indicate anything but an increasing uncertainty on the part of the MUDIR which card to play—KHEDIVE or MAHDI. The English troops at the advanced posts themselves are in a situation more remarkable than reassuring. Their Egyptian comrades (if the word may be used) are apparently docile and disciplined, but there appears to be on the part of those present a profound disbelief that they will show fight, and a very positive, though far from cheerful, expectation that, if an actual battle were fought, the English regiment would be placed in the most trying position possible to soldiers—that of being swept away or at least hampered and uncovered by a sudden stampede of the troops in line with them. The situation is at once completed and depicted in the most unpleasantly ludicrous colours by the history of the Turks sent from Cairo to Assouan. These magnanimous heroes were, it must be remembered, taken into the KHEDIVE's service in order to carry out an idea which found great favour at headquarters of "stiffening" the Egyptians by an admixture of troops of some nationality more warlike than the fellahs, and not open to the objection—fatal in the eyes of Mr. GLADSTONE and Sir WILFRID LAWSON—of being English. On being called to the post of danger rather more than three-quarters of the Turkish battalion declined to go. What happened to those who did go is related with some slight discrepancies. Everybody agrees that there was a mutiny, but it is not quite sure whether half the quarter did, or did not, remain sufficiently faithful to their colours to take part against the mutineers, or whether the English colonel had to meet the revolt nearly single-handed. This is the kind of material with the aid of which a single English regiment is waiting to give an account of a victorious foe of excellent fighting quality and in unknown numbers. But in fairness it ought to be added that Lord HARTINGTON has consented to reinforce the army of occupation to the extent of one battalion.

In pursuance of their usual plan of mystery-making and of shunning an appeal to public opinion, the Government have been entirely voiceless as to the long and apparently unexpected delay in getting the Conference to work. Nor do Mr. GLADSTONE's utterances on Thursday give much information on the point. Rumour, making use, as usual, of probabilities, and in this case of very strong probabilities, declares that the French representatives have opposed any reduction of interest, and that they find many of their Continental colleagues not indisposed to join in this attempt to secure the interests of the bondholders at the expense of the interests of Egypt. It is clearly understood that without a financial agreement the whole scheme—Anglo-French Agreement and all—falls to the ground; and it is naturally inquired with curiosity what, supposing the collapse to take place, the Government would do. For it must be remembered that the preliminary inquiries, the termination of which Mr. GLADSTONE announced, were directed merely to the checking and auditing of figures, and not to the settlement of methods of reform. It is probably not rash to say that in the event of failure, as in the event of the success (if the word success can be used) of the Conference, the Government would continue to do very much what they have been doing hitherto. Their whole course since accident, drifting, or the adroit management of one of his colleagues, hurried Mr. GLADSTONE into the bombardment of Alexandria and the WOLSELEY expedition has been resolute in irresolution, and uniform in the want of any uniform plan. To do nothing till the very last moment, and to leave off action as soon as the most pressing and unavoidable necessities of the case seem to have been met, has been the motto of the Ministry. If the new arrangement be carried out, Mr. GLADSTONE will have the welcome prospect of an escape from Egypt before very long. He has provided already a red herring, in the shape of a campaign against the House of Lords, to draw off the attention of the public at home. Any plan arrived at by the Conference, however disadvantageous or discreditable to England, is certain to be represented by his noisy and numerous henchmen as a

triumph of Ministerial diplomacy. Indeed, after the apparently complete condonation by Englishmen of the costly, superfluous, and perfectly resultless expedition of General GRAHAM, Ministers may almost be excused for thinking that there is nothing they may not do or leave undone.

There are, however, two elements in the problem which may destroy the whole of this ignoble calculation; and those elements are the Conference and the MAHDI. Although Mr. GLADSTONE's supporters on the platform and in the press would doubtless be equally ready to describe the failure of the Conference and its success as proofs of the PRIME MINISTER's wisdom, virtue, and good fortune, certain practical difficulties would follow which would be less easy to manage. If a serious invasion of Upper Egypt were to occur, even Radical editors and Caucus-mongers would be hard put to it to represent this as a Ministerial triumph, though, no doubt, they would represent it as something over which the Ministry had no control. The consciousness of these dangers perhaps counts for something in the feverish anxiety which Mr. GLADSTONE shows to get complete control of the nomination of the House of Commons, though it may be thought a little ungrateful to the members of the present *Chambre incroyable* that he should be dissatisfied with its constitution. There has probably been no Parliament since the days when majorities were directly in the pay of Ministers which would have tolerated such a spectacle as Egypt now presents. The very semblance of reform in administration has been given up; the indebtedness of the country has been largely added to; a considerable part of it is, according to all appearance, about to be abandoned to Abyssinia, without the possibility of any guarantee for the manner in which the somewhat imperfectly civilized subjects of King JOHN will conduct their entry into possession; another considerable part, if not the whole, is left (with the feeblest possible protection) exposed to invasion by fanatical rebels. And the state of affairs thus reached is, if possible, less disheartening and less discreditable than the history of the means by which it has been reached. That history is one unbroken record of failure. The DUFFERIN Constitution has failed; the GRAHAM expedition failed—at least, so far as any permanent and adequate result is concerned; the administrative razzia of Mr. CLIFFORD LLOYD failed; the mission of General GORDON failed most of all. The now pending Conference is not a failure yet, for it has had no time to be one. But it is in itself a kind of summary confession of the long series of failures which have brought it about. From the sentimental point of view, from the business point of view, from the point of view of national interests and honour, the story of the dealings of the Government with Egypt is equally unsatisfactory. So far have we been from ameliorating the condition of the people of Egypt that, according to all competent testimony, that condition has not been so bad for many years. The credit of the country, which three years ago was in a very fair way of improvement, has declined almost to bankruptcy point; its institutions, such as they were, have been thrown out of gear without the introduction in working order of any better ones; an army which, if never very formidable, had done some fair work has been destroyed to be replaced by troops, and substitutes for troops, who have hitherto achieved nothing but the *débâcle* of BAKER PASHA's expedition and the mutiny of the Turks at Assiout. And all these things have not only been disastrous to Egypt—they have made England a laughing-stock to Europe.

#### PLAY-WRITING.

THE confidences which playwrights have been making to the *Pall Mall Gazette* do not seem of much practical value. They certainly will not teach any one how to write a play. Perhaps the art is incommunicable; perhaps questions like "How are plays written?" can never be answered. How are poems written? how are sermons written? how is anything written? POE once told the world how an extremely popular piece of his own was composed. But the only thing certain about the *Raven* is that it was not written as POE said it was. No artist can tell exactly how the little germ or seed of thought which is planted in his mind by some chance experience, a fancy, or a dream grows up into the full-blown flower of his art. He only knows that dozens of changes, modifications, additions have to be made before his performance is finished. An absurd dithyramb was lately published in which some

enthusiast tried to explain the growth of Sir FREDERICK LEIGHTON's large picture in the Academy. How a picture was painted the explanation did not explain; but the sketches which accompanied it proved that the work was the result of a series of compromises and tentative efforts. A play grows, in its own field of art, in the same manner. A play, too, is the result of a series of compromises with the original ideas, with ordinary probability, with the conditions of the stage, with the supposed audience, with the manager, and with his company. No one can expect to get a play acted, still less to write a successful play, who does not understand the humours of all these factors in the problem. One thing tolerably certain is that collaboration is useful in play-writing. Two people at work together have to make compromises with each other, to give and to take; and they are less stiff and stubborn than a solitary genius when they are met by the demands of the manager and the conditions of the stage and the needs and accomplishments of the company. A good dramatic idea may occur to almost any mind which keeps its eyes open for inspiration. But the idea can only be manufactured into marketable form by a few persons who have a great deal of a peculiar kind of experience, and who possess the ear of managers and the friendship or alliance of people connected with the stage.

If the yearning amateur will reflect on these truisms and lay them to heart, he will probably cease to write his endless unavailing reams of comedy and melodrama, he will raise the blockade of the stage-door, and go into a solicitor's office. Or, if he must still cultivate ambition, he will make friends of the mammon of the boards, and try to be engaged as a junior, so to speak, by some author (or adapter) already known to managers.

The art or trade of writing for the stage is really in a very odd condition. Mr. HERMAN MERIVALE, in his article in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, uses his space rather for the purpose of deploring the fetters of the modern playwright than for teaching young authors how to try to succeed. Is it not strange that in a stage-struck age, when the actor is adulated, when authors of successful plays are marvelled at as little gods, and requested to furnish their worshippers with the legend of their wondrous lives, is it not strange that literature and the drama are practically divorced? Mr. MERIVALE thinks that a modern SHERIDAN would shrug his shoulders in despair, and take a novel to the booksellers instead of a play to the managers. We are not so sure of that. Where is the modern SHERIDAN? It is our fortune to read, or at least dip into, most of the novels of the day, and we have not discovered that the modern SHERIDAN is at this moment writing novels. Indeed, as ARTEMUS WARD says of the mantle of WASHINGTON so we may say of the mantle of SHERIDAN, "no one seems to be going 'around wearing it to any considerable extent.'" Brilliant wit is not the characteristic of the modern novel. We are led to the melancholy conclusion that we have no modern SHERIDAN. When that shy genius does appear, he will probably find his way to the stage. In his absence managers find the safest plan to be the acknowledged borrowing of a piece from the French. If a piece is popular, and makes a noise in France, the British public hears of it, and becomes curious about it. Curiosity will bring them to see the English adaptation; the popularity of certain actors will do the rest. There is comparative safety (as a risky business goes) in this device, and comparative safety in the melodramatic compilations of certain writers who have made two or three hits already. On the other hand, consider the various "original" comedies which have been produced in the last two or three years. Did they remind one very much of SHERIDAN? Was their success such as to encourage managers to invest money and labour in more original comedies? Till some English author succeeds as well with a new thing of his own as *Peril* or *Diplomacy* succeeded, managers are likely to be very shy of fresh comedies, and the playwright, however full of genius, is likely to be received with distrust, or not received at all.

#### THE CAT AND THE BAG.

THE Lords have, by a majority of 50, declined to stultify themselves. Confirming their claim upon the gratitude of the country, and earning, it may be affirmed, the secret respect of the noisiest of their opponents, they have rejected Lord WEMYSS's Resolution. The number of



Lord SALISBURY's supporters has been reduced, it is true, by the magnificent figure of 9, and Ministerialists are at liberty to make the most of this inspiring triumph. For our own part, however, we shall take the liberty of saying that, even if the tale of defections had proved as serious as it was insignificant, we should not the less have welcomed the debate and division of last Thursday night as most fortunate. Lord WEMYSS, in fact, has rendered a valuable service, not merely to the Conservative party, but to the cause of sincerity and fair-dealing in politics. He has unwittingly afforded the Government an opportunity for committing a capital blunder in tactics, and the Government have seized upon it with a precipitancy which surely deserves most respectful thanks. For had not Lord WEMYSS brought forward a motion suggesting that redistribution should be dealt with in the coming autumn Session, it would have been impossible for Ministers to have taken the fatally false step of admitting that this course is a practicable one; and, but for this admission, it would, again, have been impossible for Lord CADOGAN to have moved that amendment to Lord WEMYSS's Resolution which has, in fact, nailed the spurious coin of their professions to the political counter. As matters are, however, the true bearing of the dispute between the Government and the House of Lords stands defined with a beautiful precision. The issue has, in fact, disentangled itself with all the clearness, if with something of the stately circuitry, which belonged to the much-abused old system of special pleading. The "admissions" in the case have long been known and noted. Both parties agree that the enfranchisement of the county householder is desirable; both agree that it should, as a matter of ideal procedure, be legislatively conjoined with redistribution. One party, however, declares such conjunction to be practically impossible; and this the other denies. The Lords contend that the Government do not unite the two questions because they will not; the Government allege that they do not because they cannot. But, having made this assertion as to the two Bills regarded conjointly, they have proceeded to destroy it by two admissions as to each of the Bills taken separately. In the first place, having tendered an additional note-of-hand to the Lords on the subject of redistribution next year, and having had it refused, they announce their intention of introducing and passing the Franchise Bill in a short autumn Session, to begin towards the end of October; and, secondly, in their incautious reply to that unconscious decoy, Lord WEMYSS, they profess themselves able and willing to introduce a Redistribution Bill towards the end of November. Thus they are absolutely without excuse for refusing Lord CADOGAN's proposal, that they should combine these two admitted possibilities, and, calling Parliament together in October, introduce and pass the Franchise Bill, and at the end of November, on or before its transmission to the House of Lords, lay their Redistribution Bill on the table of the House of Commons. To this they have literally no reply, or none worthy of the name; and their silent refusal to take the course thus proposed to them conclusively defines—in the sense that *qui tacet satis loquitur*—the true issue between them and their opponents. Their subterfuges are lost to them for ever. The severance of redistribution from enfranchisement is now seen to be, not a case of the want of power to combine the two, but of the want of will.

If anything were lacking to the completeness of this exposure, the need has been kindly supplied by the PRIME MINISTER himself. Mr. GLADSTONE has in a moment of effusive candour informed his party that "the goodwill on the part of the Opposition which Ministers require in order to give a Redistribution Bill a chance cannot be had unless they know that the extension of the franchise is to take place, and that, if they will not have it with redistribution, they must have it without." And this is the purist in political metaphor who denounced Lord SALISBURY for his imaginary employment of the "rope-round-the-neck" comparison in order to illustrate the position in which the Government are seeking to place the Conservative party! Almost in the same breath Mr. GLADSTONE is heard calling upon his followers, with an unction worthy of Mr. DENNIS himself, to admire his preparations for "tucking up" the Opposition. Accept whatever rotten plank of redistribution it suits us to thrust under your feet, or "dance upon nothing," at the next general election. That is the way, observes Mr. GLADSTONE triumphantly, to ensure our adversaries listening to our plank proposals with

"good will"; and, save for the exquisitely comic touch of the words "good will," we should like to know in what respect this account of the matter differs from that falsely imputed to Lord SALISBURY. It finally abandons the pretence that redistribution was only separated from enfranchisement because their union was impracticable; and it unblushingly admits that the separation, so far from being a concession to necessity, was a mere step in an elaborate policy of coercion. The Conservative party in the Lords were to be bullied into accepting an incomplete measure of electoral reform, in order that its very incompleteness might afterwards be used as a means of muzzling the Conservative party of the Commons. Against this attempt to secure the "good will" of the gagged Lord SALISBURY has taken a resolute stand, and, thanks to the imprudence of the Government, he can now maintain this attitude with less exposure to the danger of successful misrepresentation than would have been the case if the Parliamentary incident had closed with the adoption of Lord CAIRNS's amendment. The risk of honest misconception of the Lords' action is at any rate very greatly reduced. It is, or at least it ought to be, of no little advantage to the Lords to have cleared up the mere point of Parliamentary procedure, and to have disposed once for all of the falsehood that the Franchise Bill has been "killed" by the Upper House. So far from killing the Bill, the Lords, it has now been pointed out, have purposely abstained from the use of the lethal weapon always ready to their hand in such a case. They deliberately adopted a formula which left the Bill alive; it is alive at this moment, and its life will be determined only by the act of Ministers themselves.

That those who have been so loudly asserting that the people will look only at "the outward facts" of the case should now make light of this correction of those facts is quite what was to be expected. So long as the Radical cry was that the Lords had "killed the Bill," the "man in the street," we were told, would listen to no explanation of the reasons for killing it. But point out to them that it is, in fact, the Government who will kill the Bill, and we then hear that the "man in the street" is a shrewd political reasoner who will look beneath the superficial aspects of the case and inquire which of the two parties is really responsible for the death of the measure. Inasmuch, however, as this inquiry is exactly what Conservatives invite and Radicals dread, we may be pretty sure that the latter party will keep such an argument for dinner-table consumption, and that for the purposes of the street they will rely simply upon the brazen repetition of the untruth that the Lords, being the enemies of enfranchisement, have killed a Franchise Bill. And these tactics, according to Lord SHAFTESBURY—whom we regret to see that a life of good works has converted into so cynical a pessimist—will prove successful. The people—by which we presume Lord SHAFTESBURY means something more than the Tichbornites who are to grace next Monday's procession—will believe what they are told. Let there only be enough of what is politely called "misrepresentation" in this country, but what the Transatlantic child of nature more vigorously describes as "downright flat-footed lying," and truth will not have a chance. So at least holds Lord SHAFTESBURY; but for our own part we prefer to hold the opinion of another speaker, that the "clearness of perception and the discernment of the nation do not deserve to be so lightly esteemed." We are no more prepared to admit that the masses of the people will fall helpless victims to the coarse arts of the Radical agitator than that the educated classes will surrender their judgments to the maladroit sophistries of that Corypheus of the Whig henchmen of Radicalism—the *Times*. The reader of what Lord WEMYSS still describes as the leading journal—*dux a non ducendo*—will have no difficulty in remembering that it has boxed the compass on this question in the course of a few months. They will not forget that the print which within the last few days has actually threatened the House of Lords with the swamping of their votes by a wholesale creation of Peers is the same which posed in quieter times as the exponent of "moderate Liberal" views on the franchise question. Nor will they doubt for a moment that the adviser who has been urging the Lords to read the Franchise Bill a second time and then amend it in Committee would, if that course had been adopted, have been the first to cry out against them for surreptitiously destroying the principle of a measure which they had pretended

to accept. We have every confidence that the experiments of the *Times* on the cultivated intelligence of the country will fail; and we have the best hopes that the Radical organs will be equally powerless against its mother-wit.

#### BADGERS.

THE ruling instinct in the badger character is a dislike of publicity. He objects to being looked at under any circumstances, but most of all in broad daylight, and invariably makes haste to efface himself from view if he possibly can. There is a touch of anachronism about his hoary person at first sight, a certain out-of-date Rip-van-Winkle-like air; and his demeanour when disturbed has a diffident and sulky awkwardness which irresistibly suggests that he is conscious of his oddity. When the privacy of his home is invaded by an enterprising fox-terrier, his behaviour is very like what one would expect from a shy and rather surly "celebrity," confronted with the more shameless sort of interviewer, his first instinct being to run away and bury himself—an operation which he can conduct with astonishing despatch. It is only when the enemy's attentions become too close and persistent to allow of this, that he will betake himself to his formidable weapons; but then, woe to the intruder if he has not had considerable experience in interviewing badgers before. The marks of punishment which he carries away with him, ugly as they may be, are merely a protest from an outraged recluse who has been goaded to discourtesy by wanton aggression. That a badger's temper is of the shortest, no one who has ever meddled with one will be likely to dispute; but he never provokes hostilities in the first instance; and, on the rare occasions when he finds himself hopelessly committed to warfare in the open, he generally betrays a most undignified anxiety to avoid the conflict; his flurried, shuffling gait and absurd air of compromised propriety making an odd contrast to the gay, festive, reckless demeanour of a fox under similar circumstances. He cuts but a very indifferent figure until fairly brought to bay; the situation seems to bewilder him, and he behaves with feeble indecision.

With all this, there is a good deal of irony in the fate which assigned him so prominent a position in urban "sporting circles" of a generation ago, before he came under the friendly protection of a statute. To be brought out with a pair of tongs into the detestable daylight, and be expected to do battle, not merely with the light-hearted and comparatively corrigible terrier, but with an endless succession of cross-bred monsters of every weight and size; to be thrust stern foremost into a slippery tub, and "drawn" again and again throughout a long Saturday afternoon amid the plaudits of backers, the groaning of layers, and much effusion of blood—all this must have been, to say the least of it, trying to a creature of sullen temperament with a natural taste for seclusion. Still, no animal of his weight is more formidable than a badger when he is once "cornered" and compelled to stand; and he seems to have afforded his patrons a passably stimulating form of recreation, if contemporary accounts are to be trusted. They may, of course, be a little overcoloured by the natural enthusiasm of the time; but, even if we compress the residuum of fact to the smallest proportions, there is enough left to justify the inference that a badger's lot in those days was not one of unmixed happiness. The glory was something. To die game in the presence of hundreds of spectators was much. But if badgers have any sense of the fitness of things—and from their behaviour it is to be inferred that they have—the glory of these encounters must have been far outweighed by a painful feeling of incongruity.

But now that tournaments of the good old sort are no longer held, except strictly under the rose, and now that the badger's career as a recognized entertainer of the British public is finally closed to him, he has sunk into complete obscurity, an obscurity as welcome to him, no doubt, as it is well earned. He has so far dropped out of notice, indeed, that it is difficult to persuade some city-bred persons that such a creature exists any longer in these islands. It is true that this incredulity has been met with side by side in the same brain with a fixed belief that flocks (or coveys?) of bustards still afford good sport on Salisbury Plain; so it hardly merits serious attention, though it might be well, perhaps, in the interests of the race, to give it encouragement.

Be this as it may, the race of brocks is by no means extinct, and is unlikely to be so for many generations to come, in spite of much that has been said to the contrary. They are very easy victims to any one who takes the trouble to watch for them at night, and are shot and trapped without much difficulty, owing to the methodical way in which they take their walks; but a very few casualties of this kind will drive them to fresh quarters; in fact the slightest symptom of an intended raid will often clear out a large colony in a single night. It must not be forgotten either that, so far as we can tell, they have no natural enemies to prey upon them, for they certainly are more powerful than any other animal that they are likely to meet in their subterranean walk of life. Besides this, the tendency of the times is more in their favour than might at first sight be supposed. Railways, growing towns, and improved agriculture may have driven them from many of their old haunts; but the really out-of-the-way spots in the country are becoming more lonely and more thinly populated as time goes on. The farm labourers are fewer, and those that are

left are not such keen sportsmen as their forefathers, nor are they blessed with so much spare time and energy, and the successful pursuit of badgers requires a good deal of both. Moreover, since the suppression of baiting, a badger is no longer the valuable prize that he once was, so that the principal stimulus to his capture has been removed.

But even in these improved times the animal is not entirely free from unwelcome attentions; for in every county where he exists there will be found a select few for whom he has a fascination above all other beasts of the field. These are not sportsmen quite of the newest fashion, for it must be owned that "taking out a badger" is a very queer and old-world form of the chase, and one that is not very likely to commend itself to the many. It depends almost entirely for success upon the excellence of the dogs; it means a good deal of labour of a slow and fatiguing kind, a good deal of patient waiting and watching, and at best a certain proportion of blank days—which things, more especially the last, will not be generally considered inviting conditions by sportsmen of to-day. The thing has its charm, however, and is worth a word of description, if only as a contrast to other more stirring and pretentious pastimes. There is something quaintly mysterious in the aspect of a party engaged about a badger earth, especially if you chance to come upon the scene without knowing beforehand what is going on. There is a smack of melodrama about the situation, a certain suggestion of conspiracy and deeds of blood. The place will probably be a steep bank, darkly wooded, and sloping down to stream and meadow below. You will first catch sight of three or four figures, holding earnest colloquy over a grave-like trench at their feet. They are covered with red soil from head to heel, and talk in hushed tones, stooping to listen between whistles, as if for sounds from the bowels of the earth. The nature of the proceedings will presently dawn upon you, when you become aware of a dozen or more terriers of all sorts and sizes tied up to bushes and railings round the spot, all whining querulously and receiving admonitory kicks at intervals from their several masters. Among the human members of the party the keeper is prominent—of course somewhat negatively. He countenances the proceedings, and lends his dog; but he will not specialize beyond the point of dignity. You will observe that there is no soil on his velveteens. He acts the part of chorus, encouraging the principal actors, and dealing out counsel at appropriate moments. There is a recognized *doyen* of the sport in Nestor, the old squire, whose supremacy in the art of "tailing" is unquestioned, and who is venerated by every rustic in the country as an infallible oracle in all badger and other lore. He directs the party and determines the plan of action; he is the brain and they the hands; nor does he neglect the minor points which help to make matters go pleasantly, for his is the demijohn of whisky and the ample pasty in the background, near which the keeper keeps his position.

Let it be premised that there is a good dog "to ground"; the keeper's "Turk," for choice (by the squire's "Jim," out of that well-known bitch "Merry Legs"). He has not been seen since he was slipped an hour ago, but certain muffled noises which have been heard at intervals meanwhile—gruntings and tusslings, short smothered barks, and scurryings to and fro—have set all doubts at rest about a badger being at home.

Then a long silence ensues, during which the acutest anxiety reigns above ground. Many things may be happening at this moment. Most probably the intrepid "Turk" and his foe are planted opposite to one another, catching their breath, and each waiting for the other to stir. But, on the other hand, the badger may have eluded "Turk" from his superior knowledge of the intricate passages of his dwelling, in which case he will by this time be hundreds of yards away under the field behind. Or, again, he may be employing these precious moments in burying himself—a fatal manoeuvre.

Every one listens at every conceivable outlet, and the situation is canvassed in discreet whispers. The keeper has infinite confidence in his dog; he enjoins patience, and narrates a few of "Turk's" exploits. Nestor says nothing; he rarely does say anything on these occasions; he merely glances at the line of fence which skirts the top of the bank, and fills his pipe. Presently the keeper's confidence is justified by an exclamation from some one under the fence saying that the dog is there, barking "solid." A general rush is made to the place, and Nestor follows leisurely, trailing a light iron bar, the like of which may be seen in the repertory of any well-appointed burglar, and which he uses as a probe or a stethoscope as the case may demand. The sounds are pronounced to be near the surface, the dog barking at intervals, and showing no disposition to stir from the spot; so spade and mattock are passed forward, and two sturdy labourers set to work, digging as they never dig for wages. The supposition is that the badger is penned in a *cul de sac*, with the dog in front of him; and, if he is now cut off by digging between him and the main "earth," his fate is sealed, his only chance of escape being to slip out into the open through Nestor's fingers, and to call that a chance were rank heresy in these parts. After a quarter of an hour's work, a trench—not the first excavation of the kind that has been made to-day—is cut across the line of passage as near as can be guessed to where the dog is; and Nestor inserts himself sideways into the space, thrusting one arm as far up the gallery as he can reach. His legs only are visible from above, and the cluster of spectators eye the convulsive movements of his heels with anxious interest, inferring much therefrom. What is happening underground is something in this wise. "Turk," inspired by feeling a well-known arm and hand thrust



into the hole beside him, and quite aware from previous experience that the supreme moment has arrived, comes to close quarters with his foe. The badger, true to his instinct, makes for the nearest outlet, pushing the dog before him and punishing him at every step. Hideous sounds of mauling and worrying come to the upper air as they roll and tussle nearer and nearer to the opening. Presently Nestor's hand steals over the two struggling bodies; he passes it with wily caution from one limb to another until the all-important tail comes into a favourable position, when he grasps it like lightning and drags himself out of the hole with a long grey body held out at arm's length in front of him. "Boar of thirty pounds," says the keeper with decision, and turns to examine "Turk's" wounds. The dog looks a little woebegone; he has added a deep gash or two about the lower jaw to an already sufficient number of honourable scars, but when he has quenched his thirst and had his face washed at the stream, he looks as gay and irrepressible as ever.

After this, whisky is passed round, horses are put to, and the rest of the dogs are let loose to scamper over the fields in the waning light. The badger finds a place in a stout sack, under the seat of some one's dog-cart. Into his further history perhaps it were discreeter not to inquire too curiously.

#### THE MENDACITY SOCIETY, UNLIMITED.

WHEN the ingenious author of the original Art of Political Lying composed his celebrated treatise, or rather issued a prospectus of it, he dealt only with a comparatively rude and undeveloped variety of his subject. No doubt the practices of the pseudologist have remained in many ways the same, and his principles are almost identical. The defender of the argument "that as the government of England hath a mixture of democratical in it, so the right of inventing and spreading lies is partly in the people," stated his case hesitatingly, and was evidently biased by the fact that political mendacity in his day, as in our own some five years ago, was resorted to against the Government, not for it. But still he was tolerably well qualified to be member for a Radical constituency or editor of a Radical paper even in this improved and enlightened age. His demonstration of "the usefulness of occasionally giving to some great man a larger share of reputation than properly belongs to him" is singularly apposite, and in other matters too many to enumerate (for the purpose is not here to give an abstract or criticism of Arbuthnot's agreeable tractate) he might be consulted with advantage even by a proposed speaker at next Monday's Demonstration. But he was hampered by the inferiority of the pseudological tools of his day. His precepts are evidently directed for the use of individual persons in coffee-houses, or perhaps in the composition of a penny pamphlet. In both these cases a certain amount of plausibility and dexterity might be supposed to be required. Thus he insists, with a peddling minuteness, on the danger of obstinately insisting on one "lie"—a practice which, thanks to the Caucus and the daily press, has of late been found to be signally effective. He deprecates the exceeding of the common rules of probability and the promulgation of statements directly contradictory of known facts—a deprecation which, it need hardly be said, would make havoc surpassing that of a Russian censor and his blacking-brush with the articles and speeches of the last fortnight. But the merits of his tractate, on the whole, exceed its defects; and perhaps, on the whole, the greatest merit of all lies (we beg pardon for the use of this rude and ambiguous word, which, in its other sense, shall never be used here save in quotation) in his splendid anticipation of a "Corporation or Society of Political Liars," for the fabrication, criticism, and most convenient uttering of the commodity in question.

We had forgotten, we confess, this special head of the tract, which Swift, its inspirer, describes as "very pretty, but not so obvious to be understood," when observation of current events led us to the conclusion that there exists a Mendacity Society, Unlimited, at the present day, and it was only on referring to the book to see what pleasant resemblances the artist of the seventeenth century might have with the artist of the nineteenth that the interest of the project or prognostication struck us. It is not indeed exact, for Arbuthnot seems to have contemplated rather a sort of Academy of "Lies," in which the rude methods of the novice should be purged and corrected and the Art of Political Lying perfected for the use of whomsoever it might concern, than of a working organization with party ends. But he was only a seventeenth-century man, and therefore dreadfully behind the time. It will be acknowledged by all impartial persons that the actual Association whose work is before us, reported or redacted in the columns of hundreds of newspapers, is much more practical and much more piquant. Such a Corporation as Arbuthnot dreamt of, including "persons of either party," would find in its proceedings all the drawbacks of playing whist for love. There would be no fun in it, and the morality of both schemes being indifferent, we are inclined to prefer that which, after coming into active function during 1879 and the early part of the succeeding years, rested for a short time on its labours, woke up a little on the congenial occasions of the Compensation for Disturbance Bill, of Kilmainham, &c., and is now in full activity, producing every day and week a "turn-out," to the quantity of which no exception can be taken, though the

quality would hardly satisfy the rigid canons of the Art of Political Lying.

We may say at once that we have very little positive information to give of the officers, place of headquarters, constitution, or terms of membership of the Society. We do not know whether it would suffice for admission to its highest grades to put into the mouth of a political rival words which he never used at an important crisis, and we are ignorant of the precise rank obtainable by stating that two politicians of mark voted in a certain lobby when one voted in the other lobby, and the other did not vote at all. The qualifications and emoluments of the Professor of History (whom, like the Royal Academy and other distinguished bodies, such a Society ought, of course, to have attached to it) are to us matters of the merest conjecture. But it is quite evident that for the lower offices, at any rate, and for the general membership, there must be a brisk competition and great eagerness to join. And it is also clear that none of the qualifications upon which that precisian of an Arbuthnot laid stress impose on the free members of the Mendacity Society, Unlimited, to-day. No exercise in pseudology is too gross, too open, too palpable, too stale, or too frequently repeated to be worth uttering on a platform, inserting in a leading article, inscribing on a banner, or sending round per hektograph with requests to show hands and wave hop-poles in acknowledgment of its truth. There is clearly none of your curmudgeonly exclusiveness or your aristocratic refinement about this right democratic Society. At the present moment membership, it would appear, is cheaper than ever. The abominable practice of tests has been reduced as much as possible. Say almost anything that is not the fact about the House of Lords, and you are admitted at once to all the honours of the Mendacity Society, Unlimited.

But the Society is to be complimented in that, as far as we have observed, it has not paltered with its principles. Hasty people are sometimes prone to apply the term, for which *mendacium* is Latin, to every statement with which they do not agree. The Mendacity Society, Unlimited, makes no such mistake. Mere abuse of the House of Lords does not satisfy it; though, no doubt, its members are quite welcome to indulge, and do indulge, in that luxury to their hearts' content in their unofficial capacity. But the evidence at once of the widespread organization and of the rigid principles of the Society is to be found in the fact that none of its presumed members content themselves with abuse, or even with anything that can be called an expression of opinion on a matter of opinion. You might as well hope to satisfy a Japanese Custom-house officer in old days by trampling on your umbrella as to be made free of the Mendacity Society by merely declaiming against a Second Chamber or scoffing at hereditary legislators. The *mendacium*, the whole *mendacium*, and nothing but the *mendacium*, is necessary. You must swear that the House of Lords has thrown out the Franchise Bill—which it has not; that it has declared itself hostile to the enfranchisement of the agricultural labourer—which it has not; that it has defied the people—which it has not; that it has claimed the power of enforcing a dissolution whenever it chooses—which it has not. You must affirm that the election of 1880 turned on the County Franchise—which it did not; that the constituencies have approved the present Bill—which they have not; that the Lords have killed all the measures sacrificed by Mr. Gladstone in his calculated indignation—which they have not. This does not exhaust the catalogue of possible qualifications on this head; the Mendacity Society, Unlimited, is truly liberal. Almost any proposition will do provided it is categorically false, and has some uncomplimentary reference to the House of Lords.

The great interest of this Society and of its operations lies in the fact that it is, as far as the hoary-headed age can recollect, the first attempt to work a political crisis entirely and solely by the great art whose canons Arbuthnot roughly sketched. That art is, of course, as old as politics, and perhaps there never has been a political contest in which its practitioners, probably on both sides, had not some share. But even in 1880 the long-bow was not the sole weapon relied on, great as was the part it played. At the present moment nothing else seems to be relied on at all, unless the hop-poles of the unvanquished men of Kent are intended literally to lay low a wicked aristocracy on Monday. Every plank of the platform deserves to have written on its knots that monosyllable which Hogarth wrote in dubious spelling on the knots of the tree in his famous pictorial battle with Wilkes and Churchill; every "whereas" of the preamble requires a "not" to be inserted or taken away, as the case may be, in the clause it introduces. The Mendacity Society, Unlimited, has contracted for the whole agitation, and carries it on with unflinching adherence to its solitary principle; and it must be admitted that its agents—some of them not very likely people for the work—have exhibited a remarkable fidelity to this one great commandment of their association. The whole thing is coherent, consistent, and complete—indeed, in a sufficiently topsy-turveyed mood, one might regard this simple confidence in mendacity, or at least in mendacity backed by flags and hop-poles, as rather grand. "Theirs not to make reply" to any arguments on the other side; "Theirs not to reason why" the House of Lords should be subjected to pains and penalties for doing exactly what it has not done; "Theirs but to do and —" but the alternative rhyme to that of the Laureate's triplet is quite too painfully obvious. Therefore, putting hop-poles and the like trimmings out of the question, the present crisis, as we are taught

to call it, turns entirely on the question whether mendacity is such a great thing as certainly to prevail. State the case as it is in fact, and the whole agitation falls to the ground, because there is nothing to agitate against, because the Lords have done nothing but urge that the Constitution of England shall not be altered without Englishmen having an opportunity to pronounce fairly on the subject. Therefore it is in the statement—that is to say, the *mendacium* or *mendacia*, for they are many—that the whole case lies. Mr. Gladstone's friends will conquer in *hoc signo* or not at all. The result must be equally interesting to the student of ethics and politics, and most interesting of all to the student of national characteristics. All nations habitually attribute to themselves all the virtues as a special possession. But there is no virtue which Englishmen have boasted themselves more of practising and reverencing than truth. Whether the boast has or has not been justified in the past does not matter for the present. It is certain that, if the hop-poles prevail, it had better be decently interred and completely forgotten for the future. *Mentire fortiter* shall henceforward be the motto of every Briton, the text for constant sermons by the P. P. P. (*Profana Pseudologie Professores*) who shall flourish in the stead of a disestablished clergy, and the Mendacity Society, Unlimited (the Eighty Four Club it might call itself), be co-extensive with a grateful and mendacious people.

#### THE HEAD-MASTERSHIP OF ETON.

THE governing body of Eton have an important duty to perform next week, and they must expect to be narrowly watched by the public in their discharge of what amounts to a public function. The maintenance of Eton College in that high position among the public schools of England which it has gradually attained is a matter of interest to every one who cares for the continuity of our social development; it is a matter of jealous anxiety to the large class who grew up under the shadow of its venerable buildings, and who delight to keep alive within them the sentiments and traditions of their old school. Reform has laid its hand on Henry VI.'s foundation, and the governing body who are now about to perform their most important duty for the first time are, in a manner, Parliamentary officers appointed to apply the new principles which it was deemed well to engraft on the ancient system. There is one danger to which legislative reformation of an ancient and, on the whole, beneficent institution is always liable. It is almost necessarily incomplete, and gives a one-sided and anomalous aspect to the thing reformed. In the course of subsequent development the reformed institution runs a risk of embodying a part of the legislative ideal at the expense of its own primitive excellences. The antidote to this evil is always the same. It is in the nature of a homoeopathic cure. A wide and general development in character must accompany the structural alterations more or less directly introduced by the Legislature. By this means, and by no other, reform can be made logical and harmonious, and the old spirit can live without discontinuity as an integral part of the modified whole. Has this safeguard attended our greatest public school in its perilous passage through the crisis of attempted regeneration? Have the general changes at Eton been of such a character as to give to its old spirit and traditions a chance of living alongside of the new; or is it destined to stumble through ridicule to extinction, shorn of its ancient splendour, and animated instead by the inadequate and ill-proportioned spirit which the breath of the Public Schools Commissioners infused into its time-worn frame? Those who feel the greatest love for what is venerable and ancient in the College will be foremost in the desire for such conduct of its affairs, and especially for such an election to the post now vacant, as may indicate a thorough sympathy with the advances of modern education. Half-measures are always dangerous; and if the governors of Eton are half-hearted in this matter they will deprive it both of the power to compete with younger foundations upon their own lines, and of the vitality of those old traditions by the help of which it ought to be able to distance all competitors.

For these reasons we think that the governing body are under a very strong moral obligation to choose among the competitors whose names may come before them (and report says that the number of them is very large) that one who is the most fitted to discharge the duties of a head-master, and who will, in the highest degree, bring to that task advantages not only of character but also of sympathy with the most recent advances in the science of education. To say that the best man who is available for the post ought to be appointed to it may seem to be a truism. But it is not one. Elections to the head-mastership of Eton have in bygone times proceeded on quite a different principle.

Dr. Hornby, who has been appointed Provost of the College, was an Etonian by origin; but he spent the interval between his schooldays and his return to Eton at Oxford, with the exception of a short period during which he was second master at Winchester. In these respects Dr. Hornby's appointment was an unusual one. It had been the rule to seek for a head-master not outside the limits of Eton, but among the assistant-masters. The old tradition was to select for the post the most robust, energetic, popular, and important of the masters already attached to the College. If there was one of the assistant-masters who afforded a stronger and more vivid personification of the spirit by which all were supposed to be pervaded, he was raised above his fellows, and assumed the reins of govern-

ment. This plan had much to recommend it. It gave an unbroken and homogeneous character to the development of the school. It was thoroughly in accordance with the somewhat exclusive system which helped to give a distinctive flavour to everything that was Etonian. The little boy who had courage and strength enough at nine years of age to survive the horrors of Long Chamber found himself in due time, and without much necessary exertion on his part, a fellow of King's; at twenty-three he came back to Eton, little affected in his patriotism to his old school by four years passed at a College which consisted exclusively of Etonians, and began to instruct his youthful successors. In due time he marked himself out as possessing in a higher degree than his fellows the time-honoured characteristics for which they were all remarkable, and his ambition stayed not till the coveted birch was in its grasp. After a certain period he exchanged the arduous duties of head-master for the comparative ease of the provost's lodge; and at ninety or ninety-nine he died full of honour, leaving the spirit and traditions of the place strengthened, but not greatly modified, by his protracted sojourn in its halls. But, notwithstanding the manifold excellences of this plan, especially from the sentimental point of view, it is in some degree open to hostile criticism. A head-master with such a career as has just been sketched is not likely to have learned all that the world may have to teach on the topics to which he will have the opportunity of applying an almost despotic authority. He is not in the best possible position for the purpose of recognizing and discarding any evils which may have crept into the system during previous generations. Instances might be multiplied; but, to put the matter shortly, and to revert to the actual proposition under discussion, the election of the assistant-master who has attained the greatest prominence and won the most applause, though it be to a certain extent a pleasant and desirable thing, is not necessarily identical with the election of the man who is, of all those available, absolutely the best fitted for the work that has to be done. The history of past appointments makes it desirable that the Governing Body should carefully remember the necessity of choosing the best man that the country can supply, and saves the observation that such a duty exists from being a mere truism.

But a widespread and welcome rumour assures us that in the Rev. Edmund Warre, whose election to the vacant post is in some quarters spoken of as exceedingly probable, the Governing Body have a candidate who combines the old qualifications with those which could safely be disregarded in the days before reform, but to which such careful attention must now be given. Mr. Warre, we are told, is both the first and strongest of the present staff of assistant-masters, and that man of all others who is the best fitted to help the ancient College to adapt itself to the ways of a modern world, and to avail itself with dignity and discretion of recently discovered educational truth. He is the man who would have been elected under the old system, and also the man who ought to be elected under the new. If these things are so, it is a matter for congratulation; and the Governing Body will have the satisfaction of doing their duty by electing the best man, and at the same time observing traditions by the choice of a paragon among assistant-masters. But they will, no doubt, remember that duty is more important than pleasure; and that, if Mr. Warre falls short in any respect of the former standard, they must deny themselves the agreeable emotions which would result from the choice of one who satisfies the latter.

But we do not feel justified in making ourselves responsible for the conclusion that the sanguine estimate of the popular candidate must be correct. The more it is proved of any assistant-master that he has achieved a prosperous pre-eminence, the more shall we be inclined to doubt whether he is likely to be the best man who could possibly be secured for the post of head-master. This feeling is based upon the common knowledge of Eton and its affairs, which is within reach of non-Etonians as well as of Etonians. We do not mean to suggest that a popular assistant-master of the present day exactly resembles a popular assistant-master of one or two generations ago. The assistant-masters now are not all old Etonians; those who are, are not all members of the same college nor even of the same University. Mr. Warre, like Dr. Hornby, is an Oxonian. Times have changed since the days when the whole care of the public weal at Eton was entrusted to a cycle of King's Scholars, varying from childhood to senility. But, though things are changed, they are not necessarily so changed as to disarm criticism. The prize assistant-master of to-day is not exactly the glorified K.S. of past times; but he has much in common with him, and he possesses other characteristics which may be incompatible with an approach to perfection as a modern head-master. The most popular assistant-master at the present day is he who takes the most active interest in the athletic performances of the boys. Such an interest is not limited to general supervision or advice. An active and constant attention to minute details, the assumption of an oar in the boat against which the school eight try their strength, personal prowess in the football and cricket-field, a steady progress from the ranks to a commission in the boys' rifle corps—such are the means by which an assistant-master is most sure to gain popularity among his pupils and eminence among his colleagues. A boy of a studious turn or of peculiar gifts of scholarship may look in vain for an opportunity of personal discussion with a popular assistant-master of those literary and scholastic topics which both are probably well fitted to discuss; the popular assistant-master is deep in consultation



with one of the leaders of the athletic world (to whom "Upper Division trials" are perhaps an insuperable obstacle) about the constitution of the eight or the eleven; and the boy who has no taste or no physical capacity for athletic pursuits sighs in vain for that intimate and frequent intercourse with the popular assistant-master which falls so easily to the lot of those who are gifted with muscular pre-eminence. The little boy who has just come to Eton with vacant mind and impressionable character is predestined to a worship of athletic skill by the awe which his young companions entertain for the boys who excel with the bat or the oar; and this sentiment is developed to an extent of which very few will approve when the little boy comes to understand that among the masters too real eminence and popularity cannot be gained without successful participation in athletic pursuits. If the way in which popularity and success are distributed among the masters has already any tendency to depress and humiliate the boys for whom games are unavailable, and to mislead others into an excessive admiration for what they are always quite ready enough to admire, it is a pity to accentuate the arrangement by making the head-mastership the prize which naturally falls to the most prominent assistant-master.

No doubt athletic activity is only one of the necessary qualifications for great success in an Eton master. But it is sometimes the case that great cultivation of the athletic spirit in a school is accompanied by particular views as to other matters which many would hold to be opposed to sound educational theory. The real triumph of the thoroughly athletic school would be achieved when the boy with strong sinews and muscles could as often as possible be brought out on a level with the best scholars among those who are not so gifted. There are a few boys, not more than one or two in a generation (and the extreme development of the athletic art tends to diminish the number), who really combine first-rate scholarship and a taste for books with athletic distinction. But they are exceptions. Most good scholars, and most of that diminishing class of schoolboys who read much for reading's sake, are to be found among those who are only moderately athletic or not athletic at all. But the desired object can be attained by dint of a good deal of levelling up and levelling down; and the means to this end is a system of frequent examinations where success shall depend upon a careful and minute preparation of the candidates, such as can be effectually bestowed upon any one who is physically strong enough to bear it. Frequency of examination has a superficial appearance of a desire to keep abreast with the educational spirit of the day; but it may practically be a means of forcing commonplace pupils up to a fallacious standard of competency, at the expense of discouraging and hampering those who have more originality and independence of mind. A large crop of certificates in the yearly Oxford and Cambridge examination would be a small compensation to Eton if she were to lose her old reputation for graceful scholarship and real sympathy with the literary spirit of the past; and it will be a pity if the boys are too busy in preparing suitable formulas for all possible questions on a book that is set some months beforehand to have any leisure left for emulating the literary performances of such thoroughly Etonian schoolboys as George Canning and W. M. Praed. If circumstances have made it likely that the first place among the assistant-masters will fall to an exponent of such views, we are justified in entertaining a doubt (which in the case of any particular individual is, of course, liable to be removed) whether the most eminent of Eton masters is *prima facie* likely to be the best in England to hold the important position of head-master of Eton.

#### SAVONAROLA AT THE GERMAN OPERA.

THIS work, by Mr. C. Villiers Stanford, was produced at the German Opera, Covent Garden, on July 9, and perhaps no more difficult task than that of attempting to discuss and analyse it has ever been set to musical and dramatic critics. To find and then explain the causes which prevent so beautiful, artistic, and in some sense so dramatic an opera from achieving that success in England which it has already obtained in Germany is almost impossible. Mr. Gilbert & Beckett has produced a book which, as a play, would have been interesting and often powerful, and which lends itself to musical treatment of a certain kind. Mr. Stanford has composed music which is always of high technical merit, is full of beautiful melodic thought, and shows considerable dramatic feeling of a certain kind. But the effect leads us to imagine that Mr. & Beckett was writing for a different style of musical treatment from that selected by the composer, and that Mr. Stanford is not in sympathy with the dramatic form of his librettist. The work is called a grand opera, and the book would lend itself to treatment after the manner of Meyerbeer, or, not needlessly to alarm the modern school of musicians to which Mr. Stanford belongs, let us say, after the manner of Weber. That this was the intention of the writer is probable not only from the general arrangement of the book, but from the frequent introduction of lyrical passages apparently intended for the words of arias. Mr. Stanford, however, has so far adopted the music-drama form for his music that, with the exception of the choral passages, almost the whole work is set to accompanied recitative. It is too vexed a question to enter into here how far accompanied recitative can be used to express all dramatic emotions; but from this particular example we are inclined to think that there are cases in which it fails. In

this book, except during the choral parts, there is hardly any action going on on the stage; almost all the situations derive their interest from something which has happened unseen to the audience; and the characters, as a rule, have but to express emotions or recall past events. Now in order to hold the attention of an audience everything must be at once clearly understood. If no action takes place telling the story by pantomime, either the words must tell the story or the music. If the aria form be adopted, and the composer has the gift of melody and of dramatic expression, he can attract and hold the attention of his audience during necessary displays of emotion or during narrative passages, but without action; if the accompanied recitative form be used, the words alone must be relied on to get this essential attention from the hearers. Even in listening to a familiar language much must necessarily be lost, and on the night of the production of this work the majority of the audience were listening to an unfamiliar language without the aid of a translation, the result being that, in spite of abundant melody in the orchestral parts and considerable dramatic feeling in the music generally, the audience were not sufficiently attracted or stimulated to listen at all.

To add to all these drawbacks, librettist and composer, in spite of their dramatic feeling, seem both to be wanting in the power of dramatic construction and sense of dramatic effect. The story is so arranged that almost the whole of the opera is played in the dark, which always has a depressing effect on an audience. Then, again, some of the most stirring incidents in the plot are not shown. For example, in the prelude Savonarola is the young tutor to Clarice, loves her, and is loved by her, and in consequence is turned out of the house by her father. This is not represented; but the curtain rises on a stolen interview between Savonarola and Clarice (in the dark), interrupted by Rucello, the villain of the story; and the whole meaning of the act has to be picked up by the audience from the conversation of the characters. Again, at the early part of the second act we are shown the procession of the Vanities, with the populace giving up their jewels and ornaments before Savonarola, the priest and preacher, has ever appeared before the audience, and the great and powerful scene of Savonarola's preaching and its effect on the populace, which lends itself to musical treatment so obviously, is not represented at all. A perhaps more curious instance of this obtuseness to effect is to be found at the end of the last act. Savonarola is in prison, the bell strikes, and the guard enters to march him to execution; he goes out, and the curtain falls. Now, untrammelled by his collaborator, Mr. Stanford shows us what he can do; he has composed a march which is of the very highest excellence musically and dramatically. It opens with a gloomy dead march; gradually the enthusiasm of the martyr is felt creeping into the music until it culminates in a full march of triumph. Were there no other passage of merit in the whole work, this is alone enough to show us that, with a more sympathetic librettist, and a slight deviation from the intensely modern theories with which Mr. Stanford has chosen to fetter himself, there is every hope that he will eventually succeed in writing a dramatic work of the highest merit. But after this musical termination to the drama, and when the whole story is over, the curtain rises again and shows Savonarola still on his way to the place of execution, in order that the villain Rucello may receive a little verbal abuse, and the woman who has betrayed Savonarola may die alone on the stage. No doubt this weak anticlimax at the very end of the opera has much to do with the very strong adverse criticism to which this work has been subjected. The audience, leaving the house depressed and unsatisfied, could not bring back to their minds the many beauties of the score. Whilst, in our opinion, the work fails principally by forcing a particular musical method to a purpose for which it is not fitted, and from obvious ill-selection of the scenes of the story to be represented, and whilst we have, on the whole, nothing but praise for Mr. Stanford's music, apart from what we consider a mistake in his choice of form, we yet must in justice say that here and there in the music we find slight want of experience.

Mr. Stanford is too apt to waste effects on unimportant passages, so that he has nothing stronger to fall back upon when broader and more marked situations arise. As to his choice of method, we observed that the choruses in which the composer allows himself to approach the older and more familiar musical forms were those parts of the score which alone seemed able to fix the attention of the audience.

Of the performance we can unfortunately say but little that is favourable. Of course, under Herr Richter we expect to find band and chorus well rehearsed and fully under command, and this was the case in *Savonarola*; but the ludicrously bad stage management, the feeble incompetence of the attempts at acting of the chorus and supernumeraries, and the entire want of histrionic power amongst the principal singers, prevented any chance of the dramatic representation calling attention to the music. Indeed, it is hardly too much to say that, could Mr. Stanford have had the advantage of, say, Herr Schott for Savonarola and Mme. Nilsson or Mme. Lucca for the doubled parts of Clarice and Francesca, together with the services of such a stage manager as Mr. Betjmann, it is not improbable that his opera might have aroused enthusiasm, instead of either wholesale and, to our minds, unfair condemnation, or cold and analytical admiration of musical technical ability.

## A DRY SUMMER.

SO dry a season as the present, if not phenomenal in England, is exceedingly rare, and for twelve or fourteen years at least we have had no similar experience. And in one respect, as it must have struck most people, this almost rainless summer, for it is only recently that we have had flying showers, has been altogether exceptional. The fields would have been greener had there been frequent rain, but never has the foliage been richer or more beautiful. The broad hanging boughs of the oaks and beeches have been bending to the ground beneath the weight of the leaves; and from any height commanding extensive woodland views, the eye ranges over billowy seas of foliage that seem scarcely broken even where the trees are more sparse. As for the hedgerows, they are become almost impenetrable where they are bound together by the lush growth of the bramble, the wild-roses, and the honeysuckle. We seek almost in vain for the familiar gaps on field-paths that are seldom trodden, for the venerable stile has disappeared among the sprays that close again when the chance foot-wanderer has forced a passage through them. In the bridle-tracks through the woods, even if you stoop to the saddle, you are well-nigh swept out of it, and the "rides" that are cut for sporting purposes will have to be reopened at the fall of the leaf with a liberal use of axe and pruning-hook. Seldom has there been such a season for the enjoyment of forest scenery, and holiday-makers frightened from the Continent by the cholera scare or vexatious precautions anent it may easily find consolations at home, and need have no reason to regret any change in their arrangements. As it happens, we have very lately "inspected personally," as the house agents say, some of the most richly-wooded scenery in England. We have been in Herefordshire, in Worcestershire, and in South Warwickshire, and, well as we know all the three counties, this year we had many new revelations. The sun might be beating in almost a Venetian blaze on the parades of watering-places like Leamington or Malvern; it might be sending the dogs to sleep and the loungers to the bars of the public-houses in the clean broad thoroughfares of drowsy market-towns; it might be baking the interiors of the railway-carriages and cracking the paint on their panels. But then, through a brief touch of purgatory in transit, which made the subsequent relief the more enjoyable, there was no difficulty in escaping it. All that you had to do was to take a ticket to some wayside station, where you had decided to commence your devious stroll. Hard by was the village church in the churchyard, a cool haven of rest to begin with, where you might take breath upon a mossy-cushioned tombstone under the elms, with the rocks cawing overhead, while the deep dark green of the venerable yews drew the dazzle out of the aching eyeballs. Rising somewhat reluctantly, yet irresistibly tempted forward, you bend your steps towards the neighbouring Hall, entering the great deer park by the swing gate in the outer palisades. The park is the churchyard over again, only on a larger scale, with more of life and nothing of death. Here and there are gay strips of glowing light stretching between the sombre shadows cast by the trees; but the broad shadows predominate, and there is scarcely a rent in the leafy roofs. The deer have drawn together in herds and groups under avenues that are dim as cathedral aisles; the rabbits are gambolling on close-nibbled banks that rise out of the thick grass near their burrows round the roots of the old pollards; and the only creatures that clash in any degree with the sense of peacefulness are the jackdaws that are always vociferous and restless. As for the lazy cawing of the rooks, that rather chimes in with the harmonies of nature than otherwise; and the croaking of the frogs on the shores of the lake sounds almost as melodious in the distance as the cooing of the ring-doves. The pond dignified with the title of lake is a picture of shimmering tranquillity, with the swans "floating double on it, swans and shadows"; with the swallows stooping swiftly, barely dipping a wing; and with the gentle widening of the circular ripples among the water-lilies, where a trout has troubled himself to loll languidly up at a fly. As for the ancient Hall beyond, its aspect was never more in keeping with its quiet surroundings; for, the family being in town, the blinds are down, but a single thread of faint grey smoke is curling up from the kitchen chimney, and the creepers, clustering in unprecedented profusion, fall like so many curtains over the Elizabethan bay windows. And, talking of flowers, you ought to see the roses in the gardens, where the showering petals literally litter the borders, notwithstanding the exertions of the gardener and his staff. If we leave the park and a bright bit of open high road for the lanes, it is like shooting into a railway tunnel from the sunlight on an open down. In the blackness between the high hedgerows and under the dense canopies of the interlacing boughs, you almost feel as if you must grope your way out; while the air heavy with the scent of new-mown hay is cool, and strikes even damp by comparison. In these bosky lanes, by the way, we are not unlikely to lose ourselves—not that it very greatly signifies, since time was made for slaves, not for pedestrians, and we can by no possibility go very far wrong. But during the day, at the height of the summer season, the natives are all busy in the fields; even a cottage, should you happen upon one, will not unfrequently be shut up; and you are in perpetual embarrassment at the meetings of many ways, where the finger-posts have been sadly neglected by the road trustees. But if the foliage has drawn life and luxuriance from the warmth, without suffering in any degree from the dearth of

rain, it must be confessed that the wilder English scenery has lost some of its attractions. We chanced to be in the Lake country only the other day, where we had to listen everywhere to almost unprecedented complaints. For five weeks no rain had fallen; umbrellas had gone out of wear with the visitors, and waterproofs were at a hopeless discount. The rivers had shrunk to streams; streams had dwindled to rivulets; the thousand rills on the faces of the mountains were dried up; and the waterfalls that delight the tourist by their turbulent demonstrations roared gently as sucking-doves, and scarcely raised their voices above a whisper. At the best of times Mr. Southey's verses on *Lodore* have struck us as a brilliant effort of his imagination; but this season such a stretch of poetical license would have been too much even for the sworn Laureate of the Lakes. The engineering works devised for the normal state of things seemed in the present rainless summer ludicrously disproportionate to the necessities of the case. There, for example, was a mere crystal thread trickling down what looked like the rocky bed of a river in the picturesque valley of Troutbeck. Just below Troutbeck Church, and above a little bridge, the river-bed takes a sharp turn; and there the steep bank was faced with massive masonry, the solid blocks clamped together with rivets of iron. It was difficult to believe that but a few weeks before the crystal thread meandering between stranded boots and rusty kettles with the bottoms out had been a raging torrent, swollen from hundreds of brooks and burns leaping down stony staircases in brawling cascades, and hurtling in clouds of spray against the bank that was only saved from being branched by the cyclopean masonry. We do not say there are not decided advantages in visiting the Lakes when the barometer is standing steadily at Set Fair, and when you can confidently make your plans for the morrow without taking the elements into account. But, on the whole, we should rather run the chance of many a ducking, and even risk sundry days of involuntary confinement, so that we saw what should be so many valleys of "*Lauterbrunnen*" in the glory and the grandeur of streams and cascades.

As for sportsmen, they will be of different opinions as to the dry season. Enthusiastic anglers have been driven to the verge of frenzy as the weeks have gone gliding by while the spring has slipped into summer. We know more than one member of the gentle craft who has been thrown back on the frivolous gaieties of a London season, and driven into a course of heavy dinners with the chances of consequent dyspepsia, while all the time he was longing to be away. They had planned expeditions to Devon, to South Wales, to the Yorkshire Dales, and to the Northern Highlands. Local correspondents and friends had instructions to telegraph promptly when there were clear signs of rain-laden clouds and the coming deluge. But, alas, the deluge has never come, nor have the telegraph-wires been called into requisition. The rivers have been falling lower and lower; the favourite salmon-pools have been steadily sinking; it is idle for the most scientific of Waltons to cast a fly, when the shallows, pellucid as glass, are sparkling to the unclouded sunshine. The very lakes are so clear that if there were any subaqueous lake dwellings, now has been the time for the archaeologist to detect them; while the fishes, from the opposite point of view, enjoy every opportunity of fathoming the wiles and studying the persons of the fishermen. But if the fishes have had a good time of it, so have the game-birds hitherto, greatly to the satisfaction of the shooters who hope to reckon with them later. Seldom has there been such a favourable breeding year for grouse, partridges, and wild-bred pheasants. There was no swamping of nests while the hens were still sitting; there were not even passing thunder-plumps at the time of the hatching-out; there was no drowning of the nestlings before they had gained strength and learned to scramble after their parents. As for the prolific rabbits, they took to propagating and multiplying before the winter was well over; and even the hares that have to thank the Home Secretary for the prospect of imminent extirpation must be innocently rejoicing in a brief and deceitful reprieve. For the farmers, they have been grumbling of course; but we doubt whether as yet they have serious reason. It may be true that the hay is, for the most part, but half a crop; but then that half has been secured in superb condition; except, indeed, with certain unintelligent individuals, who, when the grasses were already in bloom and going off, held on in the forlorn expectation of their getting heavier. And the recent flying showers, that have done these laggards far more harm than good, have been sufficient to give the roots a start and to freshen up the thirsty cereals.

And coming back from the bucolics to Belgravia and suburban villas, the dry weather has been a source of almost unmitigated satisfaction. It is true we may murmur at the London heat and the London dust; but, after all, these are drawbacks we are content to put up with. The system of street-watering may be susceptible of improvement; still the water-carts do very effective service. And if the dinner-table be somewhat inconveniently crowded, there are worse places after all than a London dining-room, with a breeze breathing in at the open windows over the window-boxes of sweet-scented flowers. Then when the weather has been fixed at fine, there need be no anxiety as to open-air places in summer toilettes. The lawn party at Richmond is sure to come off; the drag will drive down to Greenwich, carrying all its passengers outside; and for the matches at Lord's, we may safely take parasols to screen the spring bonnets, leaving the cloaks and umbrellas behind us. Should the dust do delicate tints some little harm, that may be a



slight point scored in favour of the dressmaker; but there is no catastrophe to be dreaded of the sudden deluge, that makes damp blotting-paper of materials not warranted to wash, and changes a well-preserved elderly angel into a lamentable living illustration of the vanities of the world. And if we should be nearly stifled towards the end of July, in a specially warm season like the present, we leave town the more lightly for the autumn holiday, believing that 1884 will continue true to its character, and consequently revelling in the pleasures of hope.

#### THE SOCIÉTÉ DE L'ORIENT LATIN.

THE politics of the East—by which we mean the mediæval East, the East of antiquity, the countries around the *levante* of the Mediterranean—have always had a fascination for Western peoples, especially the French and English. The stream of pilgrimage from Scandinavian, Teutonic, and Romance nations which set in after the Christian era towards the land hallowed by the life and death of Christ, and the currents of the ancient world, the flow of the commercial Phœnician westward, the course of the conquering Roman west and north. Trade followed the pilgrim, Church systems and the tenure of land according to Western ideas took firm hold in the very centre of that East, and the rise of Mahomet himself did not altogether check the bent eastwards. When at last the opposing forces of faiths and interests brought on the Holy Wars, when the cruelties of the conquering Turks roused Europe to rescue and avenge the suffering Christians, political motives had at least as much sway as religious fervour, and had as much power to impel or to hinder the great designs of the Pontiffs and other leaders. M. Geffroy, in an article in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, has well pointed out the contending influences at work in regard to the Fourth Crusade of 1201, and the relations of Egypt—then, as before and after, the central basis of operations—and of Venice to the issues of that war. The history of this East, and of the great crusading wars during “a period full,” as Keightley justly says, of “the names and deeds of mighty men, and events and revolutions whose effects are felt even at the present day,” were it written in the light of modern research and critical inquiry into the truth and meaning of documents, might possibly give some lessons to the statesmen of the present, even help to solve an Egyptian problem. Though the science of politics may have advanced, human nature remains very much what it was, trite as the saying may seem.

In England, outside of politics, public interest in the East now evinces itself chiefly in the direction of Biblical archaeology, keenly taking up the labours connected with the Palestine Exploration Fund, and, in a lesser degree, in Egyptian exploration, and in the history of military orders, especially of the Knights of St. John. In France the historic rather than the religious sentiment is touched—indeed the history of the Latin Orient is but a portion of their glorious past, and there seems a singular propriety in the devotion of French *savants* to the history of the Crusades and of the countries of Latin Christianity. The Germans and Italians may share in both Biblical and historic pursuits, as indeed the *Palästina-Verein* and other good work can testify. We propose now to call attention to the aims and publications of a French society which has many claims on the sympathy of Englishmen. Apart from the warm reverence which even Agnostics and the Apostles of Humanity will allow must ever attach to that which we call the “Holy Land,” are there not still those among us who are proud to be descended from “a Crusader”? Can we not yet feel the fire rekindled by the recital of noble deeds of old in which our fathers took a share? And are we not waking up to the interest of every detail of the life of those middle ages from which we are descended?

The Académie des Inscriptions began in 1841 to publish the *Recueil des Historiens des Croisades*, and up to the present has completed ten folio volumes of that splendid undertaking. Michaud in 1829 completed his *Histoire des Croisades* by a “Bibliothèque,” which he intended should be a “véritable répertoire” of all documents relating to his subject. But the progress of criticism and research has left Michaud far behind; much is known now to which he had not access; much on which he relied—for example, the famous story of the journey of Peter the Hermit to Jerusalem, and his bringing a letter from Simeon, the Greek Patriarch, to invoke the aid of the Pope—has been proved to have no authentic foundation. When the work of the *Recueil* is done, there still remain scattered in public and private libraries over Europe, among Jewish, Christian, and Arab writers, travels, narrations, letters, charters, chronicles, official acts of orders, poems, allusions and descriptions on a hundred minor matters which lie outside the pale of the collection of great historians and laws, but without which the picture of those times and countries cannot be filled in with life and colour. The Société de l'Orient Latin, a printing club after the English pattern, was formed a few years ago, with the object of gathering in all these valuable materials, of sifting, methodizing, and pointing out the relative value of each. Under the energetic and scholarly direction of the founder and secretary, Comte Riant, who had signalized himself by other archaeological and historic studies in the same field, it has accomplished excellent work already, in spite of the difficulties entailed by distance, the inaccessibility or the dispersion of texts, inseparable from the plan of such an undertaking. An Early English Text Society or a Commission d'Histoire of Brussels finds its texts and its workers

close at hand; it has a comparatively limited view. But M. Riant and his friends appeal to all Europe; nearly every country sent its quota eastward; and pilgrim, priest, or knight of the Cross left his mark in every land in varying tongue. With an oblivion of differences which does a Frenchman honour, the secretary has looked around for German and Italian colleagues; while English workers, it may be hoped, soon will not be wanting among the number.

Starting with a clear idea of the field to be traversed, centreing round Palestine, the kingdoms of Jerusalem, Cyprus, and Armenia, the principalities of Antioch and Achaia, and the Latin Empire of Constantinople, within a period of elastic bounds, extending from the second or third century after Christ till the thirteenth or fourteenth, the documents are arranged into two great groups, geographic and historic, within which they are classified according to language. An attempt is also made to bring out the volumes on contemporary dates in something like chronological order; but it will hardly be possible to adhere to this if, as the Society becomes known, new and important finds turn up. Thus quite recently a valuable manuscript relating to the history of Cyprus was discovered by M. Carlo Perrin, which the Society proposes shortly to edit and issue. Itineraries in Latin, French, Greek, and Italian, and descriptions of Palestine or adjacent parts, form the bulk of the volumes issued or proposed in the Geographic Series. It will doubtless surprise some to find how many accounts of this kind, evidence of journeys made to the holy places long before the times of the Crusades, are in existence. The first piece in the volumes, entitled “Itinera et descriptiones Terræ Sanctæ bellis sacris anteriora” (edited by Dr. Tobler and M. Molinier), carries us from Bordeaux, through stations and cities by way of Arles, Milan, Pannonia, Dacia, and Thracia, to Constantinople, whence the weary traveller, still noting down the leagues traversed, the countries he came to, and here and there a famous event called up by the locality, made his way across Asia Minor to Tarsus, Antioch, and thence onward to Jerusalem. Here he visited all the sacred places, saw the Dead Sea, Rachel's monument, Abraham's Terebinth, and returned by way of Rhodopus, Macedonia, and Rome to Milan, not forgetting to note at Philippi “where Paul and Silas were imprisoned,” and fifty-two leagues further, “ibi positus est Euripides poeta.” This journey was made in A.D. 333. Of fifty years later (A.D. 386) we get “Paulus et Eustochii epistola ad Marcellam de locis sanctis.” But perhaps the most curious of the sixteen pieces given in these two volumes is the description of the parish (or district) of Jerusalem, about A.D. 460, collated from four different MSS. of the twelfth century, which “parrochia” we learn was “designate to the holy fathers by inspiration of the Holy Ghost from the beginning of their patriarchate!” There are similar notices of the patriarchates of Antioch and Jerusalem of the sixth century.

The volume of French Itineraries carries on the story; it opens appropriately enough with an extract relating to “Les Saints Lieux,” from the *Chanson du Voyage de Charlemagne à Jérusalem*, which, as shown by M. Gaston Paris, “in the narrative of the story of the Emperor in the Holy Land, exactly reflects the reports of the pilgrims” of the last part of the eleventh century, when the poem was composed. The descriptions in this enticing volume range from the eleventh to the end of the thirteenth century, and include, among extracts from Ernoul, Philippe Monstret, and the Polos, part of an itinerary from London to Jerusalem attributed to Matthew Paris (about A.D. 1244). *La Devise des chemins de Babiloine* (A.D. 1289–91) was made by the Master of the Hospital [of St. John] “pour savoir quans hommes à armes le soudan puet avoir en tot le poir des Sarrazins, et en quieux lieux, et dedens quans iors il les puet assamblar ensamble.”

Turning to the Historic Series, M. L. de Mas Latrie has bestowed much care upon the chronicle poem of Guillaume de Machault, “La Prise d'Alexandrie,” under which title the poet related the whole life of Peter I. of Lusignan, and left many valuable materials for the history of Cyprus. Musician, poet, courtier, he had special opportunities of gaining information from travellers and soldiers, especially from his friend, Bermond de la Voulte, Chamberlain of the King of Cyprus; even his error regarding the death of the conqueror of Alexandria arose from the same source. To a critical preface and full notes the editor adds a useful chronological table of the events narrated in the poem. We may say here in passing that the machinery of good indices, chronological tables of events, and special bibliographies is well understood by the promoters of this Society, to whom scholars will owe an immense debt of gratitude for the care with which such tedious labour has been performed. Dr. Röhrich devotes two goodly volumes to the Fifth Crusade, which ended in the famous siege and capture of Damietta in 1219. Perhaps there could not be a better example of the variety of elements that go to make up this history, and of the universality of the attraction eastwards for those “marked with the cross.” We have, among eight “minor writers,” an *Ordinance to preach the Holy Cross in England*, A.D. 1216, found in two manuscripts at Oxford; we have the *Gesta crucigerorum Rhenanorum*, an account of the journey of the Frisians, Arab prophecies against the Latins, and several relations concerning the siege of Damietta, one of which is a curious and important fragment in Provençal, edited by M. Paul Meyer. It is almost a coincidence that in the country of the Provençal, St. Louis founded his projected fortress-port, Aigues-Mortes, which was built on the model of Damietta, but, unlike its prototype, has never yet stood a siege. Professor Röhrich's second volume is a vast collection

of "testimonia minora," extracts from chronicles and writers of nine nations, of all passages in any way bearing on the period of his search. Belgium, Great Britain, France, Germany, Spain, Hungary, Italy, "Orient Latin," and Scandinavia, all in this way contribute of their stores to the elucidation of the history of the Fifth Crusade. If all the work of the Society be on such an exhaustive scale as this, the future historian of the Crusades and the East will have an easy time.

This is not, however, all. In England we tack on to a Society of this sort a "Journal" or an "Extra Series" in order to gather within one circumference other fragments or branches of the principal work. The Société de l'Orient Latin throws its ægis over several affiliated "publications patronnées" which are hardly less important to the student of history than the rest. Among these are the valuable "Numismatique de l'Orient Latin" and "Sigillographie Byzantine" of M. G. Schlumberger, and a beautiful heliographic reproduction of so much of the *Chronologia Magna* at Venice as relates to Palestine and the Crusades from 1059 A.D. to 1289. This highly interesting manuscript, which dates from the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, shows that the idea of ranging contemporary events in columns according to kingdoms is not modern, a considerable part of it being so arranged; it is further adorned with curious sketches of ships full of men, companies of soldiers, and portraits of eminent men. Dr. G. M. Thomas, of Munich, deserves thanks for this interesting publication. But the wealth of care and erudition bestowed by M. Riant on the volumes which he entitles *Archives* (following the *Archiv* of Pertz), and which he, probably from financial reasons, publishes outside the Society, makes them indispensable to every scholar. They consist of an orderly miscellany of short pieces of various dates, with critical essays or notes, contributed by students in many countries. It is difficult to give an idea of the rich store of information and suggestion here laid open; a few indications will, we hope, send the reader to it for himself. A classification into four parts is adopted; the first inquiring into sources of information and their authenticity, the most interesting paper among which is a critical inventory of historical letters on Crusades, dating from A.D. 768 to 1093, by M. Riant, which he supplements in another part by six of the letters themselves. In the second part, among lists and descriptions of special MSS., including a long list of photographs made by M. le Clercq during a journey in 1859-60, we have a curious paper on the military Order of the Passion of Christ, founded by Philippe de Mézières in the fourteenth century, giving his statutes and the names of the knights, among whom were the Duke of York and twenty-one other Englishmen. Among the charters here printed are some of the twelfth century, relating to the Order of St. John of Jerusalem, collected by M. Delaville le Roulx, who has made this study specially his own, and seventy-nine "Actes genois d'Arménie." Poems on the Temple of Solomon and on the Third Crusade come in here to lighten the gravity of the situation. We must not weary by mere enumeration, though "Projects for the Poisoning of Mahomet" sound tempting; and a careful study on the crusade undertaken by Prince Edward of England 1270-1274 A.D., with a list of the English knights and lords who then took the Cross, deserves more than passing notice. English pilgrims, too, receive attention; among twenty documents found at Venice concerning pilgrims to the Holy Land are two relating to Lord Derby, afterwards Henry IV., and Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk; and an interesting trip to Palestine and back (for it was hardly more) made by Sir Thomas Swinburne, ancestor of the poet, unexpectedly links the past to the present. One more, and we have done. A highly curious narrative of the twelfth century is now first printed of a visit which was made into the Cave of Machpelah, the burial-place of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, in 1119 A.D., which, strange as it may appear, is the latest recorded visit known. That paid by the Prince of Wales and Dean Stanley in 1862 was to the mosque above the cave only; they were not allowed to penetrate further. The entry by the monks of Hebron is therefore invested with peculiar interest.

Enough has been said, we hope, to show the varied character and the high order of the work begun by M. Riant and the distinguished scholars assisting him, and we trust that, continued in this spirit, their ranks may increase and the Society may go on and prosper.

#### SIGURD.

A YEAR ago it is probable that many amateurs of music outside Paris had never heard of M. Reyer. A few, better informed, may have been aware that he wrote criticisms on musical subjects for the *Journal des Débats*, and that he had composed, amongst other things, an opera called *La Statue*, produced with very moderate success in Paris nearly a quarter of a century since. A closer acquaintance with the matter would have shown that M. Reyer was the friend, and is the admirer, of Berlioz, who had himself been a contributor to the *Débats* from 1835 till M. Reyer succeeded him. All this scarcely promised well for *Sigurd*, which M. Reyer was said to have set about soon after *La Statue* had escaped failure. Recent experience proves, moreover, that the fact of an opera being chosen for production at Covent Garden is much against its prospects of success. *Gelmina*, *Santa Chiara*, *Les Amants de Vérone*, *Estella*, *Velleda*, and others which have thinned audiences and worried critics go little way towards vindicating the manager's judgment. It is the more agreeable to find,

therefore, that *Sigurd* is a work of very considerable merit, notwithstanding that the theme does not appear to have been one which specially adapts itself to M. Reyer's exceptional capacity. The main outline of the plot is based upon the old legends told in the *Nibelungenlied*, the story being in most respects identical with a combination of the last division of *Siegfried* and the main features of the *Götterdämmerung*, which had not been played when the French composer accepted his libretto from MM. Camille du Locle and Alfred Blau. *Sigurd* is the Wolsung, Siegfried. Gunther pines for Brunhilde, who is rescued from the encircling fires with which Wotan (here Odin) has surrounded her till she is sought and found by a hero who knows no fear. Hagen is a personage of the French opera, though nothing is said to indicate that he is the son of Alberich the Nibelung. King Gunther's sister—Gutrune, as she is called in the legend Herr Wagner adopted—is known as Hilda in the French version. The power of the sword, Nothung, the mystery of the tarn-helm, the gift of almost complete invulnerability bestowed by Brunhilde upon Siegfried, have no place in *Sigurd*, though the love potion which causes the hero to be fascinated by Gunther's sister is a leading incident of the two plots alike. The French is in many respects infinitely the weaker and less complete of the pair; the German poet was writing an epic while the Frenchmen were making an opera-book; but there is about the legend, even as here told—as it has been filtered down by MM. Du Locle and Blau—a grandeur and dignity which M. Reyer never quite grasps. He has halted between two temptations. On the one hand, he has desired to illustrate by means of his art the tragical episodes attending the conquest of Brunhilde, with the enchantment and death of *Sigurd*; on the other hand, he has striven to be popular. After endeavouring, with an amount of success which varies considerably, to interpret the spirit of his legend, he has made concessions to the taste of those of his audience who like tunes before all things. The result is necessarily of a somewhat patchy description. Through all, however, the good gifts which M. Reyer possesses constantly shine. He has a fund of fresh and expressive melody, which is exceedingly welcome in days when in many works the absence of anything approaching to melody is sustained with a consistency that is truly remarkable. He is also a master of orchestration, though otherwise sound work is often marred by extravagance. To be loud is not to be forcible in any artistic sense. If M. Reyer moderated the fury of his trombones, his score would be vastly improved. After one of these outbursts, the harp, of which considerable use is made, is frequently allowed to be prominent in what may be regarded as a somewhat apologetic manner, as if the composer knew that he had gone to extremes. For binding and sustaining harmonies no brass instrument is nearly as effective as the horn, in the employment of which M. Reyer is comparatively sparing. Whether or not he made more demand on the horn, he would certainly have done well to have made less use of the more blatant tube.

The general verdict seems to have been that the first act of *Sigurd* is the worst, and the second the best. With this we are not indisposed to agree, though there are numbers in the third and fourth acts—the duet between *Sigurd* and Brunhilde in the fourth may be at once named as wholly admirable—which are unsurpassed by anything elsewhere in the opera. At the same time, the fact must be emphasized that M. Reyer finds it impossible to be anywhere wholly dull. He is sometimes careless about being strictly appropriate, but he is always anxious to gratify the ears, a desire which we hold to be worthy of cordial approval. The opening chorus of women, wives of Gunther's warriors, embroidering banners and brightening spears and shields, is one of not a few numbers without any obvious reference to the legend. If the women were otherwise occupied, the air would be equally appropriate. It is our object not to over-estimate M. Reyer's work as a whole, lest the praise we have to bestow should seem too general. Hilda's description of her rescue by *Sigurd* is well put together, and there are other points which momentarily arrest favourable attention. A certain trickiness of style is also to be observed. Thus, for instance, the employment of the piccolo when the oath of friendship is taken by *Sigurd* and Gunther provokes inquiry. It is good to arrest attention, but only when attention is appropriately arrested. The first act sets the story in train. *Sigurd*, bewitched by the love philtre, is attracted to Hilda. He vows to set forth on the adventure with Gunther and Hagen, Gunther's chief warrior. A certain unity of design is, no doubt, perceptible, as when the few very spirited and significant bars of music, which may be called the Trio of Determination, sung by *Sigurd*, Gunther, and Hagen in the second act, are here first effectively suggested. On the whole, the first act is, however, barren. A great improvement is perceptible in the second. The three heroes have travelled from Worms to Iceland, and have arrived near to the castle where Brunhilde is imprisoned, surrounded by the flames which Loge, the Fire God, has caused to spring up at Wotan's command, to recur to the incidents and borrow the names of the *Walküre*. The unison chorus of priests is a curiously bald composition, but the high priest has an extremely melodious prayer, written in the key of G flat, for which the composer shows a singular preference. A rhythmical change, slight but distinctly marked, adds point to the prayer, "E tu, o Freya!" As regards the orchestration, however, M. Reyer borrows from Herr Wagner those repeated rushes of descending chromatic scales, which, if it were not treason to say so, we should be inclined to assert that Wagner himself employed in the *Nibelungen* whenever other means of expression fell short. What has been called the Trio of Determination, "O tu, Brunhilde,



o bell' armata!" interrupts the priests. They relate the perils he who would rescue Brunhilde must overcome, but—the repetition of the trio in a higher key seeming to add spirit to the utterance—the three again declare their set purpose. The right of conquest in the end falls to Sigurd, who changes helmets with Gunther that Brunhilde, seeing the helm and not the face, may believe it is the king who has delivered her; and, taking the horn of Odin brought him by the high priest, Sigurd goes on his adventure. Here scope is found for some picturesque scenes. The Norns seek to deter him. The Valkyries attack him to prevent him from penetrating to their sister. Other supernatural beings gather round about him, the last of them being fairies, who, in unromantic English, dance a ballet. While the eye is gratified, the ear of the attentive listener is repaid. A suggestion of the trio, with a certain hesitation about it, is highly expressive of the doubt surrounding the enterprise. *Leit-motives* can hardly be said to form a portion of the scene, but descriptive phrases, which bear a close resemblance to the *leit-motiv* proper, mark the characters. Sigurd has his, Brunhilde is so equipped, and other distinct musical references are made—usually with good results. When Sigurd has sounded thrice upon the horn the flaming castle is found to have sprung up; he leaps through, and the scene changing reveals Brunhilde in her mystic sleep. The accessories of Covent Garden are ill devised. When a procession of men in armour or richly-clad personages is required the expenditure of money meets the difficulty. Taste is lacking here as in the notorious change of scene at the end of the first scene of *Faust*. Brunhilde is merely lying on a commonplace sofa. Infinitely more important than this is the music, and here we can speak with approval. Brunhilde's scena is rich in fine passages. Some are essentially, indeed typically, French. This is particularly the case towards the end of the number, in the passage, for instance, "Brunhilde or è." Sigurd's music, if less striking, is admirably to the point. As in all the legends, Sigurd places his sword between the maiden and himself, and bears her away, the couch having changed to a boat, to Gunther.

The third act begins by following the spirit of the plot with much success. Sigurd's music—he is now back at Gunther's castle, with Brunhilde in his charge—is full of the vigour and energy of youth. The passage beginning "Là sotto i padiglioni" is constantly, and always well, employed. When Sigurd has banded the Valkyrie to her destined husband the use of the Brunhilde phrase or *motif*, with the top note D depressed to D flat, gives suggestion of danger; and through the apparently unpromising duet between Brunhilde and Gunther, where he claims her on the pretence that he was her rescuer, and she hesitatingly yields, the composer shows rare skill. The contrast between the tone of Gunther's music and of Sigurd's is to the point, and in the duet the union and employment of *motives* is excellent. A change of scene leads some little way from the main plot and introduces irrelevant choruses, picturesque, but not pertinent. Hagen's song announcing Gunther's marriage is very tuneful and animated. Reference has already been made to the admirable duet between Sigurd and Brunhilde, when Uta's treachery in the matter of the love philtre has been made plain, and the predestined love of the pair has been awakened. It will doubtless be said that Gounod has suggested phrases here, as it has been said that the influence of Berlioz, of his predecessor Spontini, of Wagner and others is shown elsewhere. The treatment of orchestra more than once is reminiscent of the composer of *Faust*. Nevertheless, there is here in M. Reyser's work a depth of feeling, a simple and passionate beauty, which may well excite hearers who are enthusiastic for talking of inspiration. It is amazing that a musician who, in the popular phrase, had this in him, should be so little known. Here he ascends to a level which may almost be that where Sigurd and Brunhilde properly dwell; for, French as the music is, it may reasonably be urged that the music of love is identical in all countries. Why we have said that *Sigurd* was not the best subject M. Reyser could have chosen is because, had he been content with a story which appealed more directly to human interest, there would have been no occasion for writing choruses, good in themselves, but obviously written to lighten the work, nor for making efforts to ascend to heights of power to which no composer can be blown by blasts of trombones.

M. Dupont, who conducted in Brussels when *Sigurd* was first given in January, conducted here also, and was found wanting in nothing but a determination to suppress the undue exuberance of his hand. Why is it that when the average orchestra is engaged on new work it is nearly always over-loud? The fact remains. Another of the Brussels exponents is the Sigurd, M. Jourdain, a tenor of altogether remarkable capacity. When M. Jourdain shouts, as he does early in the first act when Sigurd arrives to defy and challenge Gunther, the result is not pleasant. When he uses the *mezza voce* he reveals a charming tenor voice, sweet in quality and true in intonation. The compass is sufficient. M. Reyser has not demanded a C from his tenor, but B flats are wanting and were forthcoming. The middle and lower register is good. Mme. Albani may be esteemed too essentially feminine by those whose ideal Brunhilde is Frau Materna. The Covent Garden Brunhilde is, however, earnest and sympathetic—great qualities. The tremolo is developing itself in Mme. Albani's voice; otherwise she sang her music in a manner which would have delighted the composer. Signor de Reszko, the Hagen, has a couple of telling songs—the Legend of Brunhilde (set down for a Bard, but sung by Hagen) in the first act, and the song announcing the rescue of Brunhilde and her marriage to Gunther. In these and elsewhere

the splendid voice of the Polish bass was finely displayed. MM. Devoyod, Soulauroix, Mmes. Fursch-Madi and Reggiani fill other characters efficiently, the distressing *vibrato* of M. Devoyod apart. Musicians, excepting those who will listen to nothing and admit nothing to be tolerable unless it is German, will hear *Sigurd* with pleasure. The average opera-goer will come to admire so much in the work that he will welcome the whole of it if only he will bestow sufficient attention on it to grasp and follow the composer's design.

#### BISHOP JACOBSON.

THE announcement of the approaching resignation of the venerable Bishop of Salisbury closely coincides with the death of one of his brother prelates, who not long ago retired from the See of Chester, and on Sunday last, full of years and of honours, passed to his rest. To all Oxford men whose memory dates back some twenty years or more Dr. Jacobson was a familiar figure, and to that large section of them who were preparing for the Church something more than a familiar figure. His course of twelve lectures in "the Latin Chapel," repeated verbatim term by term, and imposed *de rigueur* on all candidates for ordination, was indeed rather a dreary ordeal to pass through, and the Professor himself was sometimes heard to remark with a pathetic emphasis, when interrupted by a stertorous ebullition of more than usual loudness, that "he had quite enough without that to remind him that the *bodily* attendance of his audience was all he could command." But his private lectures to a more select audience were said to be of greater interest, and of his extensive, if somewhat archaic and ponderous, learning there could be as little question as of his genuine kindness of heart and his munificent charity. These qualities, even apart from a certain dry humour, which was pointed without ever being bitter, would have sufficed to secure the universal popularity he enjoyed, and deservedly enjoyed, throughout his long tutorial and professorial career at Oxford. A high churchman of the old school, though, like the great Bishop Butler, he was born and bred a Dissenter, he never belonged to the Tractarian party, while on the other hand he never joined in the attacks upon it. Yet nothing could be further from the truth than to say that he was indifferent to religion. The present Bishop of Carlisle is reported indeed to have called him "the most religious man he had ever known." And he gave proof in very early life of religious earnestness by abandoning the sect in which he was brought up, when studying for its ministry at Homerton College—a place rendered familiar to all readers of *Salem Chapel* in the person of "the young man from 'Omerton 'oo made a 'it"—to enter the communion of the Church, whose hierarchy he afterwards adorned. The precise cause of this change of belief appears not to be on record, but it may be shrewdly suspected that a young man of devout and studious habits, with a decided interest in religious questions, did not find the evidence for the ideal loveliness of "the dissidence of Dissent" altogether satisfactory to his mind. To Oxford at all events he came, where he took his second class from Lincoln College in 1827, and was two years later elected to a fellowship at Exeter, after gaining meanwhile the Ellerton Theological prize. From 1832 to 1848, when he became Regius Professor of Divinity—in place of Dr. Hampden—and Canon of Christ Church, he held the Vice-Principalship of Magdalen Hall, of which the Evangelical luminary Dr. Macbride was Principal, who is described, by the way, in the *Times*, with characteristic inaccuracy, as "a theologian of some note and weight, albeit a layman." Dr. Macbride, for whatever reason, never chose to take priests' orders, but he was a deacon, and often used to read the service in Chapel, though he omitted the Absolution. Among Dr. Jacobson's distinguished pupils and friends at Oxford were Mr. Delane and F. D. Maurice. It will be seen from these dates that he was on the spot during the whole course of the Tractarian movement, from the commencement of the Tracts in 1833 to the collapse of the party for the time being in the great exodus of 1845. But he stood apart throughout, as a spectator—interested no doubt, but apparently little influenced—neither helping nor hindering, and maintaining unimpaired his personal relations of friendship with members of all schools alike. A passage in one of the closing lectures in his course in the Latin Chapel, where a quotation from Newman's *Arians* was followed by a lament over the author's "subsequent deplorable apostasy," used to be watched for and listened to with a smile or a sigh by theologically-minded undergraduates of a later day; but nobody ever imagined that the lecturer's personal feelings towards the "deplorable apostate" were any but the kindest. There is a story told, which is at least *ben trovato*, of how on one occasion Archdeacon Denison—himself the most genial of men—stopped the Regius Professor in Tom Quad to ask what he thought of the *Church and State Review*, the editorship of which he had then lately annexed to his other archidiaconal functions. "I think it," was the prompt reply, "about the best printed periodical I know." The praise, *valent quantum*, was not undeserved. Such a man may fairly be said to have earned recognition in a Church which ranks "the judicious Hooker" among its most illustrious divines.

In politics however Dr. Jacobson, contrary to what might have been expected from his general line of thought, was an avowed Liberal, and a staunch supporter, as well as warm personal friend, of the present Premier. He was the zealous and energetic Chairman of the Oxford Committee for promoting Mr. Gladstone's re-

selection for the University in 1865. In the same year he was nominated to the See of Chester, being thus the last in chronological order of the "Palmerstonian bishops," though in other respects he cannot be said to belong to the series at all. He was not one of those prelates, appointed under Lord Shaftesbury's inspiration, whose names the *Record* paraded after the death of the great Minister, as a sufficient reply to what the *advocatus diaboli* might have to allege against his claims to eternal felicity. The Evangelicals indeed, though he had never said or done anything to offend them, did not by any means receive the new Bishop with open arms. It is much to his credit—for he had no personal sympathy with Ritualism—but not at all to the credit of his assailants, that he was twice in the earlier years of his episcopate mobbed by the Orange faction on his way to consecrate churches of the "advanced" type at Liverpool. Dr. Hugh M'Neill, who certainly could not count "a morbid moderation" among his besetting sins, showed himself liable at least to lucid intervals when, on leaving Liverpool for the Deanery of Ripon, he advised his clerical allies there to conform to their Bishop's wishes in the matter of rubrical observance. But he was probably not sorry, on personal as well as public grounds, when his meritorious efforts for the division of the diocese were crowned with success, and he was able to hand over the sceptre of Liverpool to other and more congenial, if not abler or wiser, hands. We have heard in bygone days of a grand religious function—*sit venia verbo*—at a leading Liverpool church, when some critical election question was at stake, where the officiating clergy, albeit vehement anti-ritualists, appeared in orange-coloured stoles over their surplices. Dr. Jacobson could not find the driving of such a team very pleasant work. It has been said of him, and not unjustly, that he conferred on his diocese the distinction, coveted by nations, of an uneventful history. He administered it with tact, justice, and discretion, and always remembered, what some of his episcopal brethren have almost made a boast of forgetting, that he was the bishop of the Church of England and not of any one party in it. He was not a remarkable preacher, nor did his tastes or aptitudes especially fit him for playing the part of a "bishop of society," and he had not therefore the same opportunities of attracting public notice as some prelates, living and departed, whose names will readily occur to the reader; nor probably did he desire it. In a good sense of the word he might be termed an old-fashioned bishop, but an otiose and simply ornamental bishop he was not. He was zealous and laborious in discharging his diocesan duties, as long as health and strength remained to him, and when he found his powers beginning to fail him he resigned the See; it was said to be only through the urgent advice of those whose judgment he felt bound to respect that he did not resign it sooner. Alike as tutor, as professor, and as bishop, if not a brilliant he was a strictly upright and conscientious worker, and he did his work well. He was one of the last men living to eat the bread of idleness.

We remarked just now that Bishop Jacobson was unquestionably a learned man, and it may perhaps seem strange that the list of his published works, though not an unimportant, should be a comparatively short, one. It was a standing joke at Oxford some thirty years ago that a study, or even bare perusal, of the portentous catalogue of works recommended in the closing lecture of his course to intending candidates for holy orders would occupy an average lifetime. Perhaps his catalogue was designed rather for reference than for actual reading; it is certain at all events that he would not have recommended to others books of which he did not himself possess some real knowledge. And his own publications indicate studies of a varied, and in some cases—as e.g. in his editions of Dean Nowell's *Catechismus* and Bishop Sanderson's collected works—of an unusual kind. Without the wide learning or the ready pen of the Bishop of Lincoln, he may be said to have represented substantially the same type of traditional Anglican orthodoxy. He was not, like his successor, a profound ecclesiastical historian, but to him Christianity, and the Anglican form of it, was essentially an historical religion. And if in his edition of the *Patres Apostolici* he maintains the genuineness of the longer recension of the Ignatian Epistles, the latest and not least competent German authority on the subject, Professor Funk of Tübingen, argues in a recently published work with much force for the same conclusion. With the exception of Sermons, Charges, and Speeches, Dr. Jacobson's literary activity came to an end on his elevation to the bench, and this was no doubt inevitable. It is matter of regret, but not of reproach, that, for all but men of very exceptional versatility and energy of mind, the exigencies of episcopal work in a modern diocese leave no leisure or available capacity for studious toil. The days when a bishop could excuse himself from preaching at the opening of a new church because "he made a rule of delivering only one sermon a year, and that was already bespoken," though not really so very remote in date, seem to have faded into an almost antediluvian distance, and nobody who wishes well to the Church can desire to recall them. Nor is any modern bishop likely to recall the example of Dr. Jacobson's predecessor at Chester, of whom his clergy said that nobody could be kinder or more considerate, when they met him, but that he made it an absolute rule never, under any circumstances, to answer any of their letters. But if a learned episcopate is a thing to be coveted, our bishops must acquire their learning before they are invested with the mitre. In the Roman Catholic Church it is the custom for every bishop at a Council to be attended by his "theologian," whom he consults on questions of abstract knowledge; and this, we presume, means

that he is not expected to be a learned theologian himself. Those English bishops who have not enjoyed, or have not utilized, the opportunity of theological study before their elevation might profitably take a hint in this respect from the usage of their Roman brethren. If they cannot themselves be great divines, there is nothing to prevent their surrounding themselves with chaplains who are. But it is even more important that a prelate, like Bishop Jacobson, of scholarly tastes and antecedents, should have the courage and vigour to emulate Bishop Jacobson's single-minded and persevering self-devotion to the active duties of a career which must be to some extent uncongenial to them. Learning is an excellent thing in a bishop, and that some bishops at least should possess it is indispensable. But still, whether learned or unlearned, he should, like the late Bishop of Chester, never forget that his success in the due administration of his high and responsible office depends mainly on dealing wisely, not with books, but with men.

#### TWELFTH NIGHT.

IN commenting on the first night's performance of *Twelfth Night* at the Lyceum we expressed a belief that, as the various players became more used to their characters, the complexion of the performance would change, and a hope that the Malvolio of Mr. Irving would in time become as good throughout as it already was in one scene. It is pleasant to say that neither the belief nor the hope was ill founded. The whole play now goes far more brightly and lightly than at first; it has much more the aspect of pure fantasy which is implied in its second title, and of which the preservation is absolutely necessary to its success as a stage-play. All the players now seem more in accord with the beautiful and fanciful setting provided for the piece. It is not, indeed, to be hoped that Miss Rose Leclercq will ever become an ideal Olivia, that Mr. David Fisher will ever show Sir Toby for the man he was, or that Mr. Calhaem, with all his pains, will come near to understanding the excellent fooling of the Clown. Feste is perhaps the very finest of those characters that seem a stupendous nuisance to the arch-critic who has found Shakespeare unable to write a play fit for a nineteenth-century audience. The actor who would undertake such a part with success needs several qualities which Mr. Calhaem does not possess, and it seems hard upon him that he should have to struggle with the character. But it is only fair to say that each of the players just named has improved; while, at the same time, Mr. Wyatt's clever acting as Sir Andrew has gained firmness and lightness of touch.

Miss Ellen Terry's Viola is from beginning to end as bright, tender, and poetical a piece of acting as one can wish to see. This singularly charming and singularly difficult part can never have been better played. Miss Terry still delivers the words "I am the man" with a most captivating laugh and assumption for a moment of a mannish walk. But she now gives to the subsequent words "poor lady, she were better love a dream," precisely the touch of pathos which on the first night we missed.

Mr. Irving's Malvolio has suffered a most welcome change in various particulars, the most important of which is in Malvolio's bearing in the dark room. At first the impression produced by this scene was absolutely painful, and, as we said, turned the comedy to bastard tragedy. Now Malvolio bears himself like a man, and the humour of the scene is no longer obscured by a disagreeable scene of his ill-usage. He stands up to answer the questions of the false Sir Topas, and he delivers the reply about the soul with a kind of fantastic grandeur which accords well with the character and the speech. So in the earlier scenes the overlaid austerity has disappeared; the Steward is "sometimes a kind of Puritan," but he is not that only and always; and he now rebukes with exaggerated dignity, instead of fiercely menacing, the noisy roysterers. The whole part is, in short, far better composed, and the concluding speech is far less melodramatic than it was. In fact, Mr. Irving's Malvolio as now played can scarce disappoint even the high expectations at first aroused by the intelligence that he was going to undertake the part.

#### BANKS AND PANICS.

THE policy pursued by the banks forming the Clearing House Association of New York since the panic in that city a couple of months ago has had so much influence upon business on both sides of the Atlantic that it is worth a little more attention than it has received. For the benefit of those who have not paid attention to the subject it may be well to premise that, when the Civil War broke out in the United States, each State had its own banking law, in accordance with which the banks of the State were constituted. Shortly after hostilities began, however, Mr. Chase, who was then Secretary of the Treasury, took advantage of the financial breakdown that occurred to introduce a new banking system. His real object was to establish a market for the great loans he was about to issue; but he secured incidentally two other important advantages. He established one uniform banking law throughout the whole United States, and he at the same time introduced a uniform note circulation. The banking law then passed, among other things, provides that each bank shall always maintain a reserve equal to 25 per cent. of its net deposits; but, at the same time, it authorizes the banks of the interior



to keep part of these reserves with the banks in certain specified cities, New York being the chief one; and in New York, indeed, which is the banking as well as the commercial capital of the Union, the bulk of the reserves of all the other banks are kept. The result is that the banks forming the Clearing House Association in New York stand towards the other banks of the Union in pretty much the same relation as the Bank of England stands to the other banks of the United Kingdom—in other words, the New York Associated Banks hold the ultimate reserve of the whole United States. It will be understood from this that any action taken by these banks has an incalculable influence upon the money market throughout the whole United States. Now these banks, during the period of speculation that began in 1879, lent largely to speculators, as did the other banks of the country, and they continued to lend up to the beginning of this year, although it was easy to foresee for at least eighteen months previously that a crisis was coming. Early in the spring, however, gold was exported in large quantities from New York, with the result that the reserves held by the Associated Banks were so greatly diminished that these banks got alarmed. They began, therefore, at first very cautiously, but afterwards more stringently, to call in loans from those to whom they had made them. The repayments, however, did not come in with sufficient rapidity to maintain the reserves, and at last the banks had to adopt such rigorous measures as contributed very powerfully to cause the panic in May last. For this there is little blame to be attributed to the banks. The law requires them to keep a certain proportion of reserve, and it was their duty, of course, to obey the law, however disastrous might be the effect upon the business community. But they have continued to call in their loans long after they have replenished their reserves, and, indeed, they have continued to do so up to the end of last week, although their reserves now are larger than they have ever hitherto been. Whether their persistence in this policy is dictated by mere apprehension or by any other motive, it is undoubtedly unwise. Between the middle of March, when their loans amounted to 70½ millions sterling, the highest they had ever reached and the eve of the panic, the total reduction of the loans effected by the banks was only about 3½ millions sterling, or about 5 per cent. Since the 10th of May, however, they have reduced their loans about 8½ millions sterling, or over 13 per cent. Since the panic, that is, they have reduced the accommodation they give to their customers nearly three times as much as immediately before the panic occurred. It is little wonder in such a state of things that fears should have been kept alive that a crisis would again occur, and that, with the sole exception of Mr. Vanderbilt, nearly every railroad magnate in the country has been reported at one time or another to be on the verge of bankruptcy, while rumours have also circulated that several of the greatest trading houses in the country were on the verge of suspension.

The question raised by this policy of the New York Associated Banks is of general interest. Panics occur every now and then all over the world. Quite recently we have had one in Paris and another in New York, and doubtless we shall have others by-and-by elsewhere. It is of the utmost interest, therefore, that the question should be clearly settled: What policy should banks adopt when a country is passing through a great financial crisis? If a clear distinction could be made between speculators and legitimate traders, there might be very little regret entertained if the speculators were all ruined. But since no such distinction can be made, and since, in fact, the best interests of a country are as likely to suffer as any other in the case of a great crisis, the matter is of the greatest interest to legitimate trade. Moreover, it is to be borne in mind that the banks themselves contribute as powerfully to speculation as the individuals who are denounced as speculators. Speculators hardly ever are able to carry on their speculations without large loans from banks, and the banks do not make these loans without being well aware of the purpose for which they are needed. Without the assistance of banks, then, there could be no speculation; and it is only reasonable that, since they are partially the cause of speculation, they should be held strictly responsible for their action when the results of the speculation make themselves felt. But the main question, after all, is, What policy would be most beneficial? It is clear that such a policy as is now being carried out by the New York Associated Banks is highly dangerous. All trade of every kind is to some extent carried on by means of credit. Traders reckon upon receiving accommodation from their bankers, and in ordinary times they are justified in so reckoning. When, therefore, this accommodation is refused to them to any large extent, there is extreme danger that a grave disaster may occur, and that trade may be disorganized for a long time to come. In the nature of things, people who are engaged in trade employ their money in such a way that they cannot immediately meet all their liabilities. Trade is based upon the supposition that time will be given to carry out the transactions entered upon, and consequently that all demands for which traders are liable will not come upon them at once. If, therefore, banks generally were to pursue the policy which the New York banks have been pursuing, and were to call upon their debtors to repay them the advances made, the debtors would be unable to comply, and there would be general bankruptcy, in which the banks themselves would suffer as severely as others. This has not happened in New York, nor, indeed, has there been nearly as many failures as might have been expected, because there are numerous foreign banks acting in the City. The Canadian bankers it is understood have transmitted to New York immense sums, and have thus enabled

the customers of the associated banks to meet the demands upon them, and agents of great European houses have done likewise. If for any reason the Canadian and European houses had been obliged to withhold accommodation from New York, and if the associated banks had done as they have been doing, the panic would have been renewed, and in a much more intense form than it assumed in May. This is not a mere theory; it is well established by experience. Here, in London, we have had so many crises that how to deal with them is now clearly understood, and it is found that liberal lending is the only way to bring them to a stop. At the time of the Overend Gurney failure the City was in a paroxysm of terror until the Bank Charter Act was suspended; but the instant that was done all alarm disappeared, and the City resumed its ordinary quiet demeanour, simply because it was then understood that the Bank of England was ready to lend to any amount to those who had sufficient security to offer. The real cause of the panic was the fear that, when occasion arose, accommodation could not be given even to those who had sufficient security to offer.

That a liberal policy towards their customers is the one best calculated to put an end to a crisis is obvious enough on a moment's consideration. Crises and panics originate in distrust. Everybody fears that everybody else is unable to meet his obligations, and each one fears also that, if he himself requires accommodation, he will not get it readily. If, then, the banks treat all their customers in a liberal manner, if they do not press them for repayment, and if they meet their demands for accommodation with readiness, these fears gradually pass away and the normal condition of things returns. But the policy is also the best for the banks themselves. Banks are only auxiliaries to trade, and cannot prosper in the long run if trade is not prosperous. If, then, they act so as to intensify distrust and precipitate failures, they create a feeling which reacts upon themselves. This is very clearly brought out in a statement made at a meeting of the Clearing House Banks in New York last month. We are there told that when the Metropolitan Bank applied to the Association for help it was found that it owed eight or nine millions of dollars to banks of the interior. If it had been allowed to close its doors these banks would have lost their reserves for the time being. A run, in consequence, would have been made upon them, and they would have all suspended. The alarm would have spread to other country banks, and there would have been a general demand on the part of the country banks throughout the United States upon the New York banks for the repayment of their deposits. The New York banks in the nature of things could not have repaid all, and there would, in all probability, have been an utter collapse of the banking system of the country. The danger was averted by the Association taking over the assets of the Metropolitan Bank and paying out its deposits immediately. If, then, the banks in any case pursue a policy which precipitates panic, they cause a run to be made upon themselves, in which certainly some of them will succumb. And as a liberal policy is thus the wisest for the time, both as regards the community and the banks themselves, it is the most likely in the long run to keep speculation within moderate limits. As already observed, speculation is only possible with the assistance of the banks, and when the banks find that in the long run they will have to take the risks of the speculation which they encourage, they will find it to their interest to keep that speculation within such limits as will make their risks not too great. In the best interests of trade, then, it is desirable that a liberal policy in cases of crises should be enforced upon banks by public opinion. In New York such a policy is not always possible, because, as stated above, the law requires a certain reserve to be kept, and when the limit is reached, the banks must stop lending. A grave disaster some day may be looked for, if the law is not changed. A reserve is built up for use in an emergency. But the American law requires the reserve to be kept, whatever the emergency may be. Our own Bank Charter Act in times of crisis is found unworkable, and has to be broken by the Government, but it is not quite as unreasonable as the American law.

## REVIEWS.

### IRISH MYTHICAL HISTORY.

CONCERNING the mythical history of Ireland, the fabulous invasions and migrations, the heroes and the kings, most of us know about as much as Barry Lyndon. "When, for instance, I spoke of my descent. 'From which race of kings?' said he. 'Oh!' said I, 'from the old ancient kings of all.' 'What! can you trace your origin to the sons of Japhet?' 'Faith, I can,' answered I, 'and farther too—to Nebuchadnezzar if you like.' 'I see,' said the candidate, smiling, 'that you look upon those legends with incredulity. These Partholans and Nemedians of whom your writers fondly make mention cannot be authentically vouched for in history.'"

M. d'Arbois de Jubainville attempts to reduce these Partholans and Nemedians, and the Tuatha de Danaan, and the Fomors, and all the rest of them to their just proportions. The effect produced by his book is very singular. All myths are puzzle-headed

*Le Cycle Mythologique Irlandais.* Par H. d'Arbois de Jubainville. Paris: Thorin.

narratives, but not even the most drivelling fancy of the Aryans of India ever produced anything more confused than the myths of Ireland. Into this chaos comes M. d'Arbois de Jubainville, with his clear French intellect, his lucid statement, his perfect cock sureness, and he disengages the knotted mass as patience and temper will disengage a fine tangled casting-line. We cannot always agree with M. de Jubainville; his method reminds one too much of that comparative mythology which "is so called because it never compares things," as M. Gaidoz has been saying in *Méhusine*; the mythology which shuts itself up within the limits of the "Aryan race." M. de Jubainville appears to think that the resemblance between the historic myths of the Irish and the Greeks is the result of a primitive community of origin; is a survival from days when Celts and Hellenes had not yet separated on their different paths. It may be so, but historic myths like these about the successive races, and their wars, and extinctions, are common to all people—to Peruvians, Red Indians, Africans, Australians, and what not. The early human family, when it begins to speculate on the past, always fills the blank of knowledge with the conception of an original Titanic race. That race is often fabled, like the Tuatha de Danaan in Ireland, to have come down from heaven (as in Australia), or to have migrated from a land which is now the home of the dead—as in the South Sea Islands—like the Irish Fomoré. The original race has disappeared. The question rises, what has become of it? Perhaps it was swept off the earth by the gods; or it failed to harmonize with its environment. Or it was destroyed in battle, or by pestilence or deluge. Or it withdrew in anger at the iniquities of men. In the last case the members of the primitive race still haunt the world in the form of birds; this is common to Australian and to Irish myth. "Quand les dieux se rendent visibles, la forme qu'ils revêtent est souvent celle d'oiseaux," says M. de Jubainville, speaking of Ireland. The father of the famed hero of Ireland, Conaire, was a bird; and Conaire, just like any Australian black fellow of to-day, was not allowed to eat of the flesh of birds, his ancestors. The King of the Birds said to Mesbuachala, "Thou shalt be pregnant by me, and thou shalt bring forth a son, and that son shall not kill birds, and Conaire shall be his name" (prelude to tale of "Brudin da Derga").

It commonly happens that the early historic-mythopoeic fancy invents several of these imaginary races to fill the blank between the beginning of things and the commencement of recorded experience. Given the races, they must have their history; and what can that history consist of except wars among themselves? Often the dualistic principle comes in; one of the supernatural races represents good, the other evil—hence come Gods and Titans, Devas and Asuras, and, in Ireland, the Tuatha de Danaan and the Fomoré. All this seems plain sailing to the student who has compared the myths of most known races, and who has found these operations of the human fancy much alike all the world over. But, as M. de Jubainville very clearly demonstrates, Irish mythical history is doubly and trebly confused because it has come through a period of Christian and a period of pedantic and would-be learned euhemerism. The earliest catalogue of the Irish epics we have, according to M. de Jubainville, dates from the eighth century of our era. The legends of that date, where traces of them remain, are pretty frankly and intelligibly pagan. There was already beginning, however, the tendency to place the old myths under the protection of Christian saints, and it became customary to hitch the heroic genealogies on to the Scriptural genealogies in Genesis. Still later a little learning proved a dangerous thing, and the myths, already euhemerized in a Christian sense, were connected with fancied migrations of Greeks, Egyptians, Scots from Spain, and so forth. At the same time *doublets*, as M. de Jubainville calls them, of the ancient heroic figures were invented, and the old tales were told about characters with new names. Through these jungles of pedantry, superstition, pride of race, and early mythical fancy, M. de Jubainville guides us with extraordinary skill. We may think several of his comparisons between Greek and Irish myths hasty. We may wish he would refer to the Vedas rather than to M. Bergaigne's book about the Vedas. We may regret the confidence which induces him to call Odysseus a solar hero (he is no more a solar hero than Mr. Max Müller), and to lay it down dogmatically that Hermes is the Dawn. Most of the mythologists who resolve all deities into elemental phenomena say that Hermes is the wind. In the myths he is really an anthropomorphic deity, the herald of the Gods, and nothing is gained by vowing that he is certainly the Wind or emphatically *le crépuscule*. M. de Jubainville is equally dogmatic about Cronus, whom he identifies with Yama and Varuna, and Tvashtri as an original paternal god of darkness, and, later, as a prince of the dead. These comparisons appear hasty, especially in the case of Cronus, whom the mythologists confidently interpret in some nine totally different ways. We are surprised, too, at being told that Tvashtri is the father of India. But while all this admits of controversy, or perhaps scarcely deserves to be argued about, M. de Jubainville's general exposition of the evolution of Irish historic myths has, at all events, the value of perfect clearness. The clue can always be held firmly and followed unhesitatingly, even if it does not lead by the shortest and simplest road to the exit from the Labyrinth.

There are three great Irish cycles—1, the Mythologic cycle, about the origin and oldest exploits of gods and men, and the beginnings of the world; 2, the cycle of Conchobar and of Cuchullain; 3, the Ossianic cycle. These three melt into each other, but here

we shall only concern ourselves with the first. Ireland has had many mythical invasions of old races, invasions so ancient that the island was only being evolved into its present size and shape when the earliest comers landed. First came Partholon, then Nemed, then the Fir Bolg, then the Tuatha de Danaan, then Miles, then the Milidæ, so to speak, or children of Miles, then "the Picts of Thrace." M. de Jubainville identifies the earlier races with the gold, silver, and bronze races of Hesiod, though the order of arrival is different, and though, in our opinion, the analogies are less close than M. de Jubainville supposes. To his mind the Tuatha de Danaan (though they come so late in the day) are identical with the Hesiodic Golden Race. Like the race of gold, the Tuatha, after their disappearance from the world, go about invisible, sharing in the joys of men, and behaving as benevolent demons. The people of Partholon, who were remarkable for extreme stupidity, answer to the Silver Race; while the Fir Bolg pair off with the heroic men who fought under the walls of Thebes and Troy. Looked at as expressions of that dualism which is as much the characteristic of the Solomon Islands or Iroquois as of the Persian mythology, the Tuatha, Partholon, and Nemed represent the better principle; while the Fomoré answer to the Titans or the Asuras. Bress, Balar, or Tethra, the chief of the Fomoré, corresponds, our author believes, to Cronus, "king of the dead; father of gods." We incline to think that the functions of Cronus as lord of the Fortunate Islands in Pindar are a late element in his myth. Originally he was a dethroned, degraded parent of a rebellious and successful dynasty. The more civilized and pious fancy of later ages rescued him from Tartarus, and the places below the earth, where he dwells in Homer: regarded him as the type of the old times—which, of course, were good old times—and made him patron of the happy and heroic dead. The passage in Pindar (Ol. ii.) is quite late and mystic in sentiment, probably Pythagorean. "Whosoever have been of good courage to the abiding steadfast thrice on either side of death, travel the road of Zeus into the tower of Cronus; there round the islands of the Blest, the Ocean-breezes blow, and golden flowers are glowing . . . so ordereth Rhadamanthos' just decree, whom at his own right hand hath ever the father Cronus, husband of Rhea, throned above all worlds." The resemblance between Cronus and Yama, "the first of men who died," is exceedingly shadowy, and Varuna has nothing to do with Yama. But M. de Jubainville has made us wander far from Partholon.

When Partholon came to Ireland, the isle was still growing, and contained but one plain, Sen Mag, "the old plain." Three other plains grew in the time of the children of Partholon. His race all died in one week; how, then, do we know anything about them? The Irish foresaw this question, and invented a reply, in the legend of Tuan Mac Cairill. Tuan told the tale of the extinction of the Partholonidæ, adding, "only one man survived." When people answered "Who says so?" Tuan answered, "Stranger, I was that man," and further discussion was impossible. We have the tale of Tuan in a Christian form. When St. Finnen was preaching to the Irish, he heard of a pagan chief in a strong castle, made friends with the chief, and learned from his lips all the past history of the country. The chief was Tuan Mac Cairill. He had survived all the Partholonidæ, and all the Nemedidæ, and all the rest of them. He had lived through many metamorphoses; for, after being a man, he became a stag, a boar, a vulture, and finally a salmon. In his form as a salmon, and a mighty big fish too, he was caught by a king, and eaten by the queen, who afterwards gave birth to him as Tuan Mac Cairill. All this the disciple of St. Finnen not only believed, but recorded; and hence, through the fortunate accident of the survival of Tuan Mac Cairill, we derive that authentic history of Erin which is the delight and pride of a noble, non-rent-paying, and dynamite-loving people. Later ages Christianized old Tuan, mixed him up with the Patriarchs, made him outlive Methuselah, and took other liberties with authentic history. M. de Jubainville leads us safely through all this shadowy, monster-haunted land, shows us how the "Land of the Dead," whence Nemed came, was corrupted into Spain by the later euhemeristic chroniclers, and, in short, brings daylight, order, and literary criticism into the jumbled nonsense of priests and bards and Irish historians. The comparison which he draws between the colouring and shape which the Greek and Irish genius respectively gave to myths fundamentally identical in character is very interesting. His discovery that Brian is originally Brenos and a god, should make this a proud day for the O'Briens, and console them for Mr. Timothy O'Brien's recent failures at Lord's. The book is one which it is a real pleasure to read after the floods of nonsense which have been poured forth by Druids of every age and patriots of every degree of ignorance or confused learning.

### THREE NOVELS.\*

UNLIKE Mr. Bret Harte's Caucasian, the Haughty Aristocrat, at any rate for purposes of fiction, is not a bit played out. True it is that he is no longer so arrogantly universal as in the brave days of old, when Bulwer was his bard, and his Jenkins was

\* *Man Proposes*. By Mrs. Alfred Phillips. 3 vols. London: Allen & Co. 1884.

*Through Dusty Corners*. By the Author of "Chums." 3 vols. London: Tinsley Brothers. 1884.

*Giordano Bruno*. By C. E. Plumptre. 2 vols. London: Chapman & Hall. 1884.



Mrs. Gore, and his chronicler—his Tupperian chronicler—was the noble G. P. R. James. But he flourishes still, and you may court his companionship whenever you please. In the pages of Ouida, you may worship him yet. Calm, sardonic, weary; a being of god-like mould, with yellow moustaches and several establishments; one of crime's dyspeptics, a monument of grandiose yet soul-destroying vice, he has charms for the British schoolgirl even now, when Girtton is, and Newnham, even as he had in the happy far-off time, when Newnham was not, and Girtton was but a dream. For the Lady Novelist, indeed, his attraction remains perennial. Give her but a Wicked Marquis, or a Deboshed Duke, and she is content. It is said that every woman would like, an she might, to marry a title. It is certain that, after marrying a title, there is nothing half so sweet in life as writing about it. Birth, breeding, blue blood—these are essentials. Honesty, generosity, an acquaintance with the ingenious arts, a passion for Mr. Burne Jones, an enthusiasm for Wagner, a place in the Browning Society, all the qualities that make life worth living—these are details, and may be omitted or not as the writer pleases. This, at all events, appears to be the conclusion established by a perusal of Mrs. Alfred Phillips's new novel. Roland Austin, the hero of *Man Proposes*, is, it is true, a commoner. He is a captain, however, and his birth and breeding are such that he is capable on the slightest provocation of behaving like the Wickedest Marquis in fiction. In the "sea-port town of Hillington," just as he is on the point of embarking with his regiment for India, he is stricken with fever. He is transferred from barracks to apartments in the house of a certain Sarah Mullocks, and there he is nursed into convalescence by Sarah's daughter, an uncommon young woman, who is named Hagar, and has a pair of eyes "peculiar in their character, as if at some time or other they had looked upon a scene of sorrow, that, consciously or not, had stamped itself into their expression." To complete her *signalment*, it must be noted that she had "golden brown hair" that "curled at will when not repressed," soft red lips, a "delicately moulded" nose, "one of those transparent complexions that show quickly by the ready blush the feelings she would gladly hide," and "a pathos of expression that arrested attention"; that she had read much in Thomas à Kempis and *A Selection from the English Classics Purified for the Use of Schools* (1789); that she was given to thinking unutterable thoughts and to the collection of pictures from the illustrated papers; that she had communed deeply with "an unframed print of the Nativity by Correggio," and, albeit "ignorant of the merits of the artist," had derived much moral benefit from her communings; that she wrote a good hand, was not the least bit like her mother or her name, was "altogether out of the common," and could not recall "without a dreamy sense of pleasure" the words of the prophet Sarah that "one day she would be a lady." Now, when a lady novelist creates a heroine like Hagar Mullocks, and a hero like Roland Austin, and brings them together in seaside lodgings—the Proud, the Strong, the Beautiful, the Military; she the Earnest, the Ladylike, the Mysterious and Uncommon—it is evident that she does so of set purpose, and that something has got to come of it. Something does. The Captain is very ill indeed. But Hagar is on her mettle, and saves his life. "Had another," says her eloquent biographer, "uninfluenced by her noble purpose, watched in her stead that night, he must have died; but a secret unconscious enthusiasm had quickened her perceptions to know when a remedy would serve, and nourishment give strength." The consequence is that in a few days Roland is restored to his right mind; and that in course of time, after administering a certain amount of ill-bred and vulgar chaff, which Hagar receives with becoming indignation, he is moved to fall in love with her (hitherto he has been a professional misogynist), to declare his intentions, which are strictly honourable, and to take her to his manly bosom. In other words, he gives her mother a cheque for a large amount in return for a promise, which is so worded that Mrs. Mullocks does not understand it, that she and Hagar are never to meet again; marries Hagar privately, allowing his great friend Jasper Drummond to understand that he is merely engaged in "an intrigue"; takes a house for her in London, "fitted up with perfect taste," buys her a pug, insists that her clothes shall be "of the handsomest description," commands her not to speak to the servants, manages the place himself, and "day by day instils some lesson of conventionality into her," on which "she acts with loving obedience to please him." She is not allowed to go out, and when she rather breaks down he consoles her by telling her "you are my hot-house plant, far too precious in my eyes for exposure of any kind." At last, being in an interesting condition, she expresses a wish to see her mother. The Captain at once goes mad with wrath. Hagar, of course, has fits; and, after a long illness, through which she is nursed by the penitent captain, decides to remain an Austin, and to soothe her conscience by sending her poor old mother all the pin-money she can spare. For a moment she has hated and despised the gallant Roland; but he comes out so strong as a nurse, and says he is so awfully sorry for his violence, that she forgives him, and restores her heart to his keeping in the twinkling of a bedpost.

This terrific drama is but the prologue. An interval of five years is supposed to elapse, and Hagar is discovered in her old quarters—none the fresher, says Mrs. Phillips, for their "five years' warfare with the demon Soot." This, however, is by the way. What is more to the purpose is that Hagar is the mother of a girl of four—"a very picture of a child, with sunny brown hair,

soft brown eyes, and a smile suggestive of witchery." Roland, his loathing of the Mullocks connexion as great and gentleman-like as ever, has only acknowledged her as his wife to his friend Jasper Drummond. To his haughty mother and his well-bred aunts and the desirable heiresses of their acquaintance he is still a Benedick; and, yielding to the wishes of his family, as such he improves the shining hour. The hated Mullocks falling ill, Hagar takes advantage of his absence to run down to Hillington. Roland, the preux chevalier, finds out her treason, dashes down after her, assaults her violently in her mother's front parlour, carries off her child by main force in a terrific storm of thunder and lightning, and on the way to the station is flung with his offspring out of the carriage, and falling upon her, crushes out her little life. After this feat he becomes insensible, but awakes, of course, to sincere repentance. Meanwhile the Mullocks has departed this world, confessing that Hagar is not her child, but somebody else's, which somebody turns out to be Roland's own aunt.

The scenery of *Through Dusty Corners* is strictly Oriental; its atmosphere is naval and consular; its personages are the captains and lieutenants, the interpreters and agents, the hardy mariners and the free and beautiful ladies, who, on Britain's service and for Britain's sake, go out to broil at Muscat, and atew in the Persian Gulf, and simmer in Euphrates, the great river. The plot is, on the whole, unpleasant. The hero, Captain Norris, R.N., has in former years seduced a certain Julia Manse. After offering marriage and suffering rejection, he proceeds to fall in love with the charming Edith Elton, and to take it into his thick but manly head that she is the betrothed of his first-lieutenant, Daymon. Julia, meanwhile, espouses Edith's uncle, who is British Political Agent at Muscat. To that station Norris has been ordered, and thither, in due course, Edith is drafted also, so that all parties to the affair are presently face to face. Julia, who has taken devoutly to whisky and soda, would like nothing so much as to play her husband false with Norris, as before; but Norris, for all his failings, is a good fellow, and being hopelessly in love with Edith, and Elton's trusted friend, contrives to present an adamant front to Julia's attack. This exasperates the lady greatly, and, under the combined influence of whisky and passion, she attempts to seduce the Persian interpreter, Aboul Mirza, into taking her husband's life. Aboul Mirza, being a jealous creature, is disposed to fall in with Mrs. Elton's views; but, being undeceived by the Muscat doctor, who is also an old flame of the lady's, and who has had to repel an assault on his virtue to the same end as that she makes upon the Persian, he changes his mind, and vows revenge in the opposite direction. Elton, at last, falls ill at Baghdad, and presently dies. Before he dies, however, he tells Norris that he knows everything, and makes him promise to marry Julia on his return to Muscat. This Norris, for all his repugnance, is fully prepared to do; but Aboul Mirza saves him the experience by stabbing Julia as she sleeps. The proceeding, albeit a little violent, clears matters up completely. Norris marries Edith, and retires from the service forthwith; and everybody lives happy ever after. Murder, intemperance, incontinence, mendacity, are not the most cheerful themes in the world; and of elements like these the intrigue of *Through Dusty Corners* is, as we have seen, compacted. But, for all that, the book is very cheerful reading. The author writes like a man, and has a good grip of his personages and his localities. He indulges too freely in the production of mere impressions of travel; but his officers and seamen, his Arab loafers and Persian blackguards, his consuls and consuls' wives, his telegraph clerks and political agents and ships' doctors, are all individual and lifelike, and are all uncommonly amusing. There is, that we know of, no better seaman than old Blunt, the captain's coxswain, out of Marryat; and though his creator's jokes are now and then a little too professional, and his theory of literature is often the reverse of sound, yet he has energy and freshness and fun enough to make you forgive him all his faults, and remember him as a really pleasant companion.

Mr. Plumptre's *Giordano Bruno* is prodigiously learned and prodigiously dull. It is an historical novel in the style of *Romola*, which in its turn an ingenious Frenchman has described as "a ponderous idyll in the manner of *Tom Jones*." Now *Romola*, with all its merits (there is no doubt that, in despite of the wicked, *Romola* has merits), *Romola* is hardly to be styled light literature. Of course George Eliot was a woman of genius, and wrote nothing that—as yet, at all events—is absolutely uninteresting; so that, with a little good will, and a great deal of honest effort, *Romola*, even to the sworn student of *Ivanhoe* and the *Vicomte de Bragdonne*, is not altogether impossible. But Mr. Plumptre is not George Eliot; and the difference between *Romola* and *Giordano Bruno* is the difference between George Eliot and Mr. Plumptre. Where George Eliot is profound, Mr. Plumptre is unfathomable; where George Eliot is tedious, Mr. Plumptre is unreadable; where George Eliot is creative, Mr. Plumptre is merely scholarly; where George Eliot is admirable, Mr. Plumptre is simply serious and respectable. He has done his best, of course. He has wrestled with all manner of authorities; he has read his Bruno and his Castelnau and his Philip Sidney; he has consulted with Mr. Garnett, and taken Berti to heart and Bartholomew and Toland and Raffaele Mariano, and perused "with some advantage" the works of Mr. Grosart; he is reflective, didactic, philosophical in no mean degree. But he has not created a single living character, nor pictured a single moving and romantic situation. His Bruno is but a vague and sexless shadow; his Mocenigo, his Paolo Sarpi, his Henri Trois, his Catherine de' Medici, his Castelnau are all "in a

concatenation according"; his account of Bruno's trial and his description of Bruno's death are no more thrilling or dramatic than his analysis of Bruno's philosophy. As a biographer he might achieve a *succès d'estime*; as a writer of fiction he can hardly do so. "Historical tales," he precludes, "are of two descriptions. One, where a few historical characters are wrought into a story that is otherwise wholly fictitious; the other, where one or two fictitious characters are interwoven with personages and events that are wholly historical. This story is of the latter description." This is true enough in its way; but it may be more briefly and pithily put. As thus:—Historical tales are of two descriptions. One you can read; the other you can not. *Giordano Bruno* is not of the former description.

#### THE POETICAL WORKS OF JOHN KEATS.\*

KEATS is a poet particularly suitable, both by the character of his work and from the bulk of it, for editing handsomely in a single volume; and he goes conveniently enough into Messrs. Kegan Paul's larger Parchment Series. Mr. Arnold, however, has not published the entire poetical remains, as Mr. Forman has done in his recent one-volume edition; and in this respect his book may be less of a favourite with those who are addicted to theoretical completeness. The dramatic attempts, however, which form the chief part of the omitted verse are not likely to be much regretted, though we think that Mr. Arnold has been somewhat arbitrary in excluding the "Cap and Bells." All the smaller posthumous pieces of any merit are given, and of course the whole of the poems that Keats himself published in volume form. It may be said that there is no logical mean between a selection proper, which Mr. Arnold expressly disclaims attempting, and a complete edition. But practically everything worth having is here. The book is also well printed and got up, the only objection possible to it on this head being that the etcher of the frontispiece, Mr. S. H. Llewellyn, cannot be complimented on his execution of the plate from Hilton's portrait. There is, we believe, a good deal of controversy as to the merits of the original, and the justice it does to Keats; but we should imagine that there can be hardly any controversy at all as to the justice or want of justice which Mr. Llewellyn has done to the original.

Mr. Arnold's work in the book, which is considerable, is naturally that part of it which calls for most special mention. There are no notes, but there are some sixty pages of introductory matter, containing a short but sufficient account of the principles of text constitution adopted, and a literary introduction of considerable extent. The line which Mr. Arnold has adopted seems to us to be a distinctly good one, and his remarks in following it are scholarly and really critical. He has attempted, not so much a complete study of Keats, as a study on some points about Keats, and especially on some misconceptions about Keats, his cockneyism, his affectations of language, and so forth. With the facts at hand, Mr. Arnold has no difficulty whatever in showing that Keats's knowledge of the country was by no means the second-hand and unreal knowledge of one always in populous cities pent. And he has with very great patience, and much more valuable results than patience spent on the minuter kind of poetical criticism often yields, shown that many passages of elaborate description, however little the context may seem to suggest English scenery, are actual sketches, and very careful sketches, of things and scenes which Keats must have seen, and historically did see, with his own eyes. Mr. Arnold lays stress on the ample and remarkably true knowledge of hill scenery which his tours to the Lakes and the Highlands gave Keats—one of the most interesting instances of the amount of positive knowledge which must be given to, and the amount of workmanship and elaboration which can be contributed by, the poetic faculty. Then Mr. Arnold goes on to Keats's alleged "versification of Lemprière," and again shows triumphantly enough that this is a parallel instance of the same kind. And, lastly, he passes to the poet's mannerisms of vocabulary and style, and shows to what a large and varied study of English literature, not of one period, but of almost all, they testify. The editor makes a very good fight for his author against the charge of affectation in solecism, and certainly shows excellent precedent for most of Keats's more eccentric forms of diction. But perhaps he a little overlooks the fact that, whereas most of the authors whom Keats followed had but one or two of these pet tricks, the author of *Endymion* adopted scores of them, with an effect by no means always good. Only a very few very dull people, and still fewer paradoxers à outrance, are likely nowadays to undervalue Keats. But only very inconsiderate worshippers can overlook the fact that he, more than any one else, introduced, or reintroduced, into poetry the quality of elaborate literary preciousness, which has no doubt given us some very exquisite work since, but which has also given us a vast amount of work that is quite intolerable. Few estimates of the criticism which Keats, Shelley, and the present Laureate met with at their first appearance make sufficient allowance for the strong and far from unwholesome distaste which this quality of preciousness excited in censors trained to classical simplicity of form and ornament.

We are, however, wandering away from Mr. Arnold. His own

\* *The Poetical Works of John Keats*. Edited by W. T. Arnold. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co. 1884.

critical remarks are quite free from any tendency to gush, which tendency indeed is but rarely found in conjunction with knowledge so accurate, so wide, and so well arranged as he evidently possesses in regard to literature. The task which he had before him was not an easy one, and he has discharged it very well, though we may reserve the point whether it was entirely well judged to produce an edition which is at once a selection and not a selection, a collection and not a complete collection.

#### THE TEACHING OF THE APOSTLES.\*

CONSIDERABLE excitement has been recently caused in the theological world by the publication of what professes to be, and there can be little doubt substantially is, the long-lost apocryphal book known to the early Church as the "Teaching of the Apostles." The darkness which enshrouds the Church at the end of the first and in the former half of the second century is so dense, and the literary monuments that have come down to us from that period are so scanty and so fragmentary, that the value of any genuine document of that age can hardly be over-estimated. And of the genuineness of the work before us, as well as of its early date, there can be no reasonable doubt. We do not, it is true, regard it as presenting to us the "Teaching of the Apostles" in its original form. It rather belongs to the class of recensions of that document which, with interpolations and additions of more or less extent, we have long had, without knowing it, in the second part of the Epistle of Barnabas, the Seventh Book of the so-called "Apostolical Constitutions," and in the more recently published "Epitome of the Appointments of the Holy Apostles," otherwise known as the "Constitutions delivered by Clement." All these works are evidently based on one and the same original, which was probably delivered orally for the instruction of catechumens, large portions of which they reproduce in identically the same words, or with very slight variations. And of these recensions it cannot be questioned that that recently given to the world is the earliest, and therefore the most valuable. It bears its primitive date in every line. Its very deficiencies prove it. The ignorance displayed of the greater part of the New Testament, the Gospel of St. Matthew being the only one of which the writer makes much use, with some few references to that of St. Luke (if, indeed, the quotations are not rather from the oral *paradosis* which was the substratum of the Synoptic Gospels), while there are no certain quotations from St. Paul's writings, and only some possible echoes of St. Peter's words, the entire absence of distinctively Christian doctrine, the description of the Eucharist as a sacrifice (*θύσια*), of thanksgiving for bodily and spiritual sustenance, without any reference to the death of Christ or the participation in His Body and Blood, the mention of "apostles" and "prophets" as a still existing portion of the organization of the Christian Church, the want of any mention of bishops as a separate order—the *ἐπίσκοποι* of c. 15, coupled with *διδάκοι*, being evidently presbyters, as in Philipp. i. 1.—or of any allusion to the Episcopal form of government, together with the anticipation of the Second Coming of Christ and the general Judgment, to be preceded by the appearance of a Personal Antichrist—the "world deceiver," *κοσμοπλάτης*—as an event closely impending, to omit many other hardly less cogent indications, all point to a period of composition very little later than the Apostolic times. Indeed, as to the primitive character of this remarkable document there is a universal consensus of authorities. The learned editor, Philotheus Bryennius, formerly Metropolitan of Serres, and now of Nicomedia, to whose researches we are indebted for the discovery of the Codex containing this document, ascribes it to the middle of the second century, between A.D. 120 and 160, before the rise of the Montanistic controversy. Dr. Wünnichs and the writer in the *Foreign Church Quarterly Review* place it early in the same century; Professor Wordsworth and Archdeacon Farrar at its very beginning, or even in the last years of the first century; others, carrying it still further back, assign its composition to A.D. 70 or 80. A careful consideration of the character of this unique document convinces us that the earliest date is likely to be the truest, and that we have in this newly-discovered treatise a work coeval with the Epistles of Clements Romanus, Polycarp, and Ignatius, and therefore invested with the highest possible interest, and deserving the most careful examination by theologians and scholars.

We have said that we owe our knowledge of this very remarkable document to Bryennius, Metropolitan of Nicomedia, first known to Western Churchmen as one of the two Archimandrites from Constantinople who attended the Old Catholic Conference at Bonn in 1875. The Codex containing it was discovered by him in the Library of the Most Holy Sepulchre attached to the Patriarchate of Jerusalem in Constantinople. The antiquity of the MS. itself is not very great. It bears a date corresponding in Western reckoning to June 11, A.D. 1056, ten years before the Norman Conquest. Besides "The Teaching" and other less important works, this Codex contains the two (so called) Epistles of Clements Romanus, the Epistle of Barnabas, and Twelve Epistles (of the longer recension) ascribed to Ignatius. Of these Bryennius published the First Epistle of Clement, and the frag-

\* *Διδαχὴ τῶν δώδεκα Ἀποστόλων, ἐκ τοῦ ἱεροσολυμιτικοῦ χειρογράφου, νῦν πρῶτον ἐκδιδομένη, μετὰ προλεγόμενων καὶ σημειώσεων, ὑπὸ ΦΙΛΟΘΕΟΥ ΒΡΥΕΝΝΙΟΥ, μητροπολίτου Νικαριμείας. Ἐν Κωνσταντινουπόλει. 1883.*



ment of an anonymous homily which goes by the name of the Second Epistle of Clement, in 1875. The promise of a new edition of the Greek text of the Epistle of Barnabas, which, in the words of the Bishop of Durham, would be "a great gain," still awaits fulfilment. Bryennius has very wisely set that aside, and devoted himself to the study and illustration of the work now before us, which, as a fresh addition to the scanty store of the Christian literature of the sub-Apostolic age, possesses an importance far exceeding that of the pseudo-Barnabas. The edition of this most remarkable treatise, published at Constantinople at the end of last year, is in every way a remarkable phenomenon. The form and appearance of the volume, the excellence of its typography, and its freedom from errata, are such as would do credit to the best English or German printers; whilst the breadth of reading, the accuracy of scholarship, the richness of illustration, and the soundness of judgment displayed in the prolegomena and notes, and the whole "apparatus criticus" are not unworthy of ripe theological students of the Western world, and are certainly such as we have not been accustomed to look for in prelates of the Eastern Church. That such a book, so admirably edited, should have been prepared by an Oriental Metropolitan and issued from a Constantinople press, is a circumstance of the most hopeful promise for the future of a Church which is the spiritual mother of so large a portion of the Christian world, and which we cannot doubt is still destined to exercise an important influence over the highest destinies of mankind.

The importance of such a work as this, exhibiting to us in such plain, unvarnished fashion a portion of the Christian Church in its earliest development, as we have said, can hardly be exaggerated. Its value is enhanced by the unexpected and, we may almost say, the startling character of the picture. The authenticity of the work is guaranteed by its complete unlikeness to anything which any one forging a document for party purposes—doctrinal or ecclesiastical—would have conceived. The large additions made to it at a later date in the so-called "Apostolical Constitutions" and in the "Epitome," to support the definitely-formed system of Church polity and ritual by that time elaborated, are a warrant for the genuineness of the bare and cold original, in which we look in vain for any trace of specifically Christian doctrine, Christian fervour, or Church organization according to the platform universally established at the close of the second century. Of all the books of the New Testament it has the greatest relationship to the Epistle of St. James. Like that, it deals with moral and practical subjects, and is entirely devoid of dogmatic teaching, and has a certain Jewish colouring, easier, perhaps, to feel than to specify. Like that, too, there is in it a complete silence as to the leading facts of the Christian faith. There is nothing in it from beginning to end to indicate that the compiler had any acquaintance with the Incarnation, the Crucifixion, the Resurrection, or the gift of the Spirit, and the bearing of those great facts of Redemption on the spiritual life.

But, with all its deficiencies as a professedly Christian treatise, its value continues immense. It is no small gain to have recovered the earliest known form of a work which, if we accept the genuineness of the Pfafling fragments, was referred to by Irenæus as *αἱ δὲ πρῶται τῶν ἀποστόλων διατάξεις* (*Fragm.* ii. 1); which was quoted by Clement of Alexandria as "scripture," *ὑπὸ τῆς γραφῆς εἰρηρα* (*Strom.* i. 20); is specified by Athanasius in his Festal Epistles (*Ep.* 39) as one of the uncanonical books commended to the perusal of new converts and catechumens; and reckoned by Rufinus among the "libri ecclesiastici"; and enumerated by Eusebius among the "spurious books" (*νέβη*), and placed by him on the same level as the Epistle of Barnabas and the Shepherd of Hermas; which was quoted by John of the Ladder in the sixth century, and by Anastasius Sinaita in the seventh, and described by Nicephorus of Constantinople at the end of the eighth, with a minute specification of its length helping us to identify it with the document now before us. The publication of such a work, as Professor Wordsworth has said, is "by no means an everyday phenomenon," but an event "directly or indirectly interesting Christians of all communions and of all future ages."

But it is time that we should give some description of the work itself. Its title, the "Teaching of the Twelve Apostles," or, as it is more fully given in the opening clause, "The Teaching of the Lord by the Twelve Apostles to the Gentiles," is evidently borrowed from the words of St. Luke in Acts ii. 42. The fuller title strictly belongs only to the earlier part of the work, comprising moral maxims borrowed to a large extent in the earlier sections from the Sermon on the Mount. The latter half, containing directions for the administration of the two Christian Sacraments, for public worship and the organization of the ministry, is addressed to an already established Christian community. The document itself is quite a short one, about the length of the Epistle to the Galatians. It is divided into sixteen chapters, of which the earlier part, containing the "Teaching to the Gentiles" proper, comprises six, and the latter half the remaining ten.

The earlier portion describes the "Two Ways," which, powerfully contrasted by Christ (Matt. vii. 13, 14), and common to the parabolic language of all ages, are familiar to us from Prodicus's myth of the "Choice of Hercules." This portion, as we have already remarked, is practically identical with the second portion of the so-called Epistle of Barnabas, which, from its not being found in the Old Latin version of that Epistle, as well as from the difference of style and other indications, was evidently a separate treatise added to the earlier part of the Epistle, in the same manner as, we

believe, the last ten chapters of the "Teaching" have been attached to it. The original document, of which both the "Teaching" and the Epistle of Barnabas were early recensions, also formed the basis of the "Epitome," first published by Bickell in 1843, and reprinted by Hilgenfeld in 1866, and again, in conjunction with the "Teaching," in the present year, and of the Seventh Book of the so-called "Apostolical Constitutions." In the "Epitome" the matter is set in a kind of dramatic form. The Twelve Apostles—among whom it is observable as evidence of its late date that "Cephas" appears as well as "Peter," and "Nathanael" finds place beside the "Bartholomew" with whom he has been not improbably identified—as in the "Constitutions," are introduced by name. Each delivers a certain portion of the moral maxims, which are parcelled out among them without any attempt at suitability, there being no reason why the precepts assigned to John should not be delivered by Peter, or those given to Matthew by Philip. As with the "Teaching," a second part is added, dealing with the Sacraments and Church Organization. The later date of this second part is apparent from the more definite form the Church orders have assumed, as well as from the quotations from the Pauline Epistles, which are wanting in the former part. The base metal with which the "Epitome" has been adulterated will be seen from the following most extraordinary passage:—

John said, "Ye have forgotten, brethren, that when the Lord asked for the bread and the cup and blessed them saying, This is my Body and Blood, He did not permit them (women) to be associated with us." Martha said, "That was on account of Mary, because He saw her smiling." Mary said, "I did not laugh; for He forewarned us when He was teaching that the weak should be saved by the strong."

The modern element is still more marked in the "Apostolical Constitutions," in which not only are the "Two Ways" much expanded, with the addition of many quotations both from the Old and New Testament, but the ritual has assumed a much more elaborate ceremonial form, and the organization of the Ministry a more definite shape. In place of the "bishops (i.e. presbyters) and deacons" of the "Teaching," we find the three orders "bishops, presbyters and deacons," while the "apostles and prophets" who, as we shall see, occupy so conspicuous a place in the earlier document have passed away entirely.

The first section of the "Way of Life," corresponding to Barnabas's "Way of Light," is, as we have said, founded on the "Sermon on the Mount." It is to be remarked, however, that none of the quotations are literally accurate, and were evidently made from memory. This is the case also with Justin Martyr and other early Fathers. "Codices," even if possessed, were bulky and inconvenient of reference. One very singular variation of our Lord's words occurs in the passage, "Bless them that curse you, and pray for your enemies, and *fast* for them that persecute you." This allusion to the vicarious use of fasting, as well as the references to the "first fruits" (c. 13) (where the "Constitution" has "tithes") to the distinction of meats (c. 6), the designation of the "prophets" as the "high priests" of the Church (c. 13), and other reminiscences of Jewish rites, furnish indications of the "Teaching" having emanated from a body of Hebrew Christians. We are led to the same conclusion by the low unspiritual tone prevailing through the whole. Without containing anything heretical in its language, the entire absence of the distinctively Christian doctrines of the Divinity of Christ, His Incarnation, His Atoning Death and Resurrection, and the gift of the Spirit, savours strongly of an Ebionist poverty of creed, in keeping with such an origin. "Almsgiving" takes a prominent place in the "Way of Life," and is regarded, as in Daniel iv. 27, as "a ransom of the soul":—

Blessed is he that giveth according to the commandment, for he shall be blameless. . . . Be not one who stretches out his hands for receiving and draws them tight for giving. . . . Thou shalt share all thou hast with thy brother and shalt not say that anything is thine own; for if ye are partners in that which is immortal, how much more in mortal things!

But the exhortations to this duty are accompanied with the most severe denunciations on those who trade on the charity of the bountiful, and a singularly worded caution against indiscriminate almsgiving, introduced as one of the *ἀγαθὰ δόγματα*, of which Acts xx. 35 affords the most familiar example:—

Concerning this it has been said, let thy alms grow hot [literally "sweat"] in thy hands until thou knowest to whom thou givest.

These practical maxims are followed by prohibitions, based upon the Commandments of the Second Table, with special reference to unnatural crimes, abortion, magical rites and incantations, and other vices, which would be prevalent in the heathen communities in which the early Christians were immersed. After enforcing the strict discipline of children and the merciful treatment of slaves, "who trust in the same God with their masters," while slaves are to obey their masters, "as to the pattern of God," *ὡς τὸ πρῶτον Θεοῦ*, the "Way of Life" closes with the command to confess one's sins in the public assembly, *ἐν ἐκκλησίᾳ*, and not to come to pray with an evil conscience. The "Way of Death"—Barnabas's "Way of Darkness"—which follows, is a list of vices, strung together, substantives and participles, in complete disregard of grammatical construction, ending with those who "turn away from him who is in need, who grind the distressed, advocates of the rich, lawless judges of the poor, sinners in all things. From all these, my children, deliver yourselves."

The section which concludes the earlier portion of the treatise (c. 6.), to which there is nothing answering either in the "Epitome" or the Epistle of Barnabas, exhibits a sympathy with human frailty, provided the heart be right, which recalls Christ's

ὁ δυνάμενος χωρεῖν χωρεῖται, and St. Paul's ὅσοι οὖν τέλει τοῦτο φρονέμεν, strongly contrasting with the rigid dogmatism of later days:—

See that no man cause thee to err from this way of teaching, since he teaches thee that which is apart from God. For if thou art able to bear the whole yoke of the Lord, thou shalt be perfect; but if thou art not able, do what thou canst. With regard to meats bear what thou canst; but be earnestly on thy guard against that which is sacrificed to idols, for that is the source of dead gods.

This last clause is again an indication of the early date of the writing, when idol-worship was in full exercise.

With this section the "Teaching to the Gentiles" may be regarded to end. The sections that follow contain instructions to Christians on the method of Divine Service and the Ministry. In these we recognize the initial stage of the Church, at the point of transition between the state of things described in the Acts and Epistles, and that of which we find the commencement in the Ignatian Epistles and the full development at the close of the second century. The description of Divine Service reminds one strongly in the simplicity of its ritual of that given us in the Apology of Justin Martyr. The assemblies are held on the Lord's Day—κατὰ κυριακὴν Κυρίου—a condensed form of what we find more fully in the "Constitutions" τὴν ἀναστάσιμον τοῦ Κυρίου ἡμέραν τὴν κυριακὴν—for breaking of bread and giving thanks. Nothing is said of reading the Scriptures, or of any exhortation on the part of the minister, nor of any lengthened public prayers. None but the baptized are to approach the Eucharist. Before the Eucharistic service all offences are to be confessed; this confession, as we have already seen, being public in the Assembly, "in order that the sacrifice (θυσία) may be pure." No one who has a difference with another is to join the assembly until he is reconciled, "that the sacrifice may not be polluted." The word sacrifice, θυσία, must not give us a false idea as to the character of this primitive Eucharist. It was in no sense a sacrificial commemoration of the death of Christ, and of the benefits flowing to us from it. Startling as it may appear, this central idea of the Eucharist is never once alluded to. The name of "Jesus Thy Servant" (παῖς, as Acts iii. 10, iv. 25) occurs in the Eucharistic prayers; but it is only as the divinely appointed channel of the knowledge of life and immortality. Christian thoughts and words are found in the thanksgivings both before and after reception; but as regards the atoning Death of Christ the Eucharistic ritual is simply non-Christian. The primitive Eucharist, as set before us in this document, was no more than a thankful recognition of God's goodness in giving bodily and spiritual sustenance, which, as the striking words "after being filled"—μετὰ τὸ ἐμπλησθῆναι (for which, "after the reception," μετὰ τὴν μετέληψιν, is naturally substituted in the much later "Constitutions") show, took place at a common meal, as we learn from St. Paul's First Epistle to that Church it did in the apostolically founded Church of Corinth. The "Agape" had not yet been separated from the Lord's Supper. The Cup symbolized "the Vine of David," which was not Christ, but His teaching; "the one loaf made up of many grains once scattered upon the mountains," symbolized the future unity of the Church to be gathered "from the four winds into the kingdom." The bread was broken. If the celebrant, as we should now call him, were a "prophet," he, like Justin Martyr's "president," was not tied down to the prescribed ritual, but was permitted to use whatever prayers he pleased.

To pass to the other Sacrament. Baptism is to be received fasting, and to be preceded by instruction in the "Two Ways," and is "into the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost." It is to be administered in "living water," i.e. water from a spring or running stream, not from a cistern—when it can be had. If cold water is unsafe, warm may be used. Immersion is the rule, but if a sufficient supply cannot be had mere affusion will be sufficient. Infant baptism is not alluded to. The solemnity of the rite appears from the direction that the ministrant of baptism, and those present at it, should fast as well as the catechumen.

The only prayer specified for use by Christians is the Lord's Prayer, which was to be said three times a day. This is given exactly as it stands in St. Matthew, except that both "heaven" and "debt" ("trespasses") appear in the singular number, and that the Doxology runs "Thine is the power and the glory, for ever," the word "kingdom" being omitted.

The very early date of this remarkable document, to which its ritual peculiarities point, is even more strikingly indicated by the loose unformed nature of the Church organization. It is not too much to say that it presents a picture for which we were totally unprepared, and which is unlike anything to be found elsewhere. Of stationary diocesan episcopacy there is not a trace. The ministry was partly settled, partly itinerant. The settled ministers were presbyters, still retaining their original name ἐπίσκοποι (as in Acts xx. 28) and deacons, who were appointed (the word χειροτονεῖν seems to point to popular election, though, as Acts xiv. 23 shows, not necessarily) by the community to fulfil the office—"liturgy"—of prophets and teachers. But, in addition to these settled ministers, we are introduced to another class of itinerant ministers, "apostles" and "prophets" (the names seem interchangeable) and "teachers." The word "apostle" is used in the original sense of "emissary," "missionary," as in Rom. xvi. 7, 2 Cor. viii. 23, Phil. ii. 25, not as a person having apostolic authority. In the mention of the "prophets" we have an almost unique survival of the prophetic ministry which meets us so constantly in the Acts and the Apostolic Epistles, but which had

entirely passed away, except among the Montanists and other fanatical sects, before the first half of the second century. We need not dwell on the exceeding interest of such an unexpected revelation, nor of the proof it affords of the date of the "Teaching."

The regulations regarding these itinerant ministers are very curious. It is evident that, as in still earlier Christian days, there were those who traded on their spiritual gifts and exercised them "for filthy lucre" (1 Pet. v. 2). To guard against such "Christ-trafficers"—χρηστέμποροι—the following rules are laid down:—

Let every apostle who comes to you be received as the Lord. But he shall only stay a single day, but if need be another day also. But if he stays three days he is a false prophet. Let the apostle when he leaves you take nothing but bread enough to last till he reaches his quarters for the night. But if he asks for money he is a false prophet. . . . But whosoever shall say in the spirit "give me money," or anything else, ye shall not listen to him, but if he bid you give in behalf of others who are in need, let no one judge him.

But, together with this recognition of the itinerant ministry, provision is made for those ministers who may desire to exchange it for a settled sphere of action, whether as prophets or as teachers. Such were to be maintained by the community, from the first fruits of their cattle and their fields—an indication of Jewish feeling—which, if there was no settled prophet, were to be given to the poor. The section ends:—

If thou makest a feast take the first fruits and give them according to the commandment. In like manner when thou openest a jar of wine or of oil take the first fruits and give them to the prophets; and take the first fruits of thy money and of thy raiment and all that thou possessest as shall seem good to thee and give them according to the commandment.

It is most interesting to be brought in this way face to face with the arrangements of the Church just at its turning point from a missionary to a settled Church, while the arrangements adapted to its earliest stage were gradually making way for those belonging to its later development, and before the Episcopal government, which is so sharp and distinct in the Ignatian Epistles, had become general. We could not have a stronger confirmation of the weighty words of the present Bishop of Durham that the creation of the Episcopate was "not so much an isolated act as a progressive development, not advancing everywhere at a uniform rate, but exhibiting at one and the same time different stages of growth in different Churches" than is afforded by a comparison of this treatise with the Pastoral Epistles. We need hardly say that there is certainly nothing in its statements to give support to the strange hallucination of Mr. Hatch that the primitive bishops were no more than chief "relieving officers" principally concerned with the administration of Church funds.

On the concluding section of the "Teaching," which has reference to the Second Coming of Christ, which was evidently regarded as close at hand, our limits forbid us to enter. One striking sentence, "the whole time of your faith will not profit you unless you are made perfect in the last season," is found also in the earlier portion of the Epistle of Barnabas (c. 4), and may be regarded as one of the Christian "gnomes," which were the common property of the whole Church. There is a reference to the first Resurrection, the ἐγείρωσις of St. Paul, in which only the saints are to share, to be followed by "the Lord coming upon the clouds of heaven," which shall be seen by the whole world. The first of the signs of the Advent, described as ἐκένεσις, is probably to be understood of the appearance of the Cross with extended arms in the heavens, which early writers almost unanimously identify with the "sign of the Son of Man" (Matt. xxiv. 30) in allusion to ἐξενέστα (Is. lxx. 2).

OLIVIA RALEIGH.\*

IN the current number of the *Cornhill* Mr. James Payn, continuing those amusing recollections of his literary work and friendships with which he does his best to enliven that magazine, gives a capital instance of the value of a name to those who write. He had won and kept popularity, he says, for some years when he bethought himself of trying an experiment already tried, not very fortunately, by both Bulwer and Trollope. He had two novels ready, *The County Family* and *A Perfect Treasure*, and it was the latter of these he chose for his experiment. He published them both at the same time and from the same house, but to the latter he put no name. Of the comparative merits of the two books he himself had no doubt, feeling strongly that *A Perfect Treasure* was the best piece of work he had as yet done; and for once in a way the critics were with him, prophesying great things of the nameless author. But the public thought otherwise. "If it had not been for the success of *The County Family*," said his publisher to him, with more candour than elegance, "your *Perfect Treasure* would have let us into a hole." And this neglect of his better work Mr. Payn attributes solely to the fact of its being offered to our good public without the guarantee of a familiar name.

Whenever Mr. Synge has a mind to put his literary recollections on paper, he might, we suspect, point pretty much the same moral with the fate of his two books. *Olivia Raleigh* was published about nine years ago. It would not be fair to say that it wholly missed its mark. Those who read it liked it, and some of them said so. But it was not read by everybody, and on the whole its success was not much more than moderate. In course of time followed *Tom Singleton*. This was a good deal more read and

\* *Olivia Raleigh*. By W. W. Follett Synge, Author of "Tom Singleton, Dragon and Dramatist." London: Routledge & Sons. 1884.



talked about than its predecessor. The newspapers praised it, and the praise of newspapers counts for something with the public, perhaps for rather more than it is always worth. It was sold at railway stations in that cheap but not beautiful form which is the peculiar badge of the literature of the locomotive. But many novels are written, and many, it is to be supposed, are they who read them; and so in due time other books began to take the place of *Tom Singleton*, when in a happy moment Mr. Anstey conceived the idea of *The Giant's Robe*. This set people again on Mr. Synge's book; for some perverse souls would have it that the idea Mr. Anstey had conceived was not his own, but the property of the author of *Tom Singleton*—which Mr. Anstey vows is not at all so. Close upon this outcame *Olivia Raleigh*, in all the glory of a yellow binding, and a picture thereon of two gallant young hussars, as hussars were in the days of our fathers. Very grateful are we, for our part, to the Messieurs Routledge, for with shame and sadness we confess that we had never read *Olivia Raleigh*, and but for this happy thought of theirs might have stayed in our ignorance till the end of our days.

But better late than never. We have read it now, and are very glad to have done so. For *Olivia Raleigh* is a pleasant book to read, as befits its name, which is a pretty and pleasant one, with a fine old-world flavour about it and a touch of the grand style to boot. As a piece of literary work it is a long way ahead of *Tom Singleton*. We can well understand that it never was, nor will be, so popular. There is less life about it, less movement and colour; but of the superiority of its workmanship there can be no question. It is not, we say, a lively or a stirring tale. It is domestic—"idyllic," perhaps some writers with no very clear notion of the meaning of words might call it. But it is not rustic; no scent of the hay floats over its pages, though the nightingales sing once or twice to lovers' ears by moonlight. Its attraction lies in the pleasant, well-bred, unaffected language in which it is told—language which has just a spice of the old world about it, as befits a tale with such a title and such a picture on the cover; it lies also in two or three of the characters, sketches all, but sketched with that light unconscious touch that is often so far more effective in giving life and character to the figures than a more elaborate and scrupulous art. Olivia, her Uncle Silas, Aunt Pen, and the good priest Father "Jem," are all very real and very lovable personages. Uncle Oliver is real enough, too, but he is not lovable.

We are very far from praising this little book as a masterpiece. It is not that, and we feel very certain that the last person to thank us for any such nonsense would be Mr. Synge. "Praise in due measure and discreet is well," says Agamemnon, and we wish our praise to have both these good qualities; and it has them when we say that *Olivia Raleigh* is a graceful and rather sad little tale of quiet family life, told with simplicity, good feeling, and a literary taste which is certainly not common in contemporary fiction—not that "professional" smack, which is common enough, and a very good thing, too, in its way, but the style of one who has that sense for the fitness of words which comes from nature partly and partly from having leisure to read and tact to appreciate. Indeed, the difference in style between the two books is quite remarkable, as remarkable as the difference between the two plays in *Tom Singleton* or the two novels in *The Giant's Robe*. The style of *Tom Singleton* is well enough of its kind and for its purpose; but about the other there is a real distinction, a fine air. The only point on which we feel disposed to take issue with the writer is the death of Uncle Silas. We wish he could have seen his way to killing Uncle Oliver instead. But perhaps then we should not have found out all the good in Olivia and Father "Jem"—particularly in Olivia, who wanted a little touch of bleak weather to bring out her fine qualities. Of the hero, Geoffrey Walsham—for, as eventually married to the heroine, hero he must be, though poor Uncle Silas more truly deserves the name—of him we get no very certain idea. He is a little nebulous, and, perhaps, a little needlessly Quixotic. But he had a difficult part to play, and after all he seems worthy of Olivia, which would be great praise for any man.

#### RECORD OFFICE PUBLICATIONS.\*

THE second and concluding part of the *Thomas Saga*, of which the first part was published as far back as 1875, deals with the posthumous history of Archbishop Thomas as martyr and miracle-worker, and inasmuch as there is a considerable sameness about mediæval miracles, it is perhaps in itself hardly of equal interest with its predecessor, which recounted the Saint's life on earth. But still there is much that is worthy of note, and the

\* *Thomas Saga Erkbyskups: a Life of Archbishop Thomas Becket, in Icelandic; with English Translation, Notes, and Glossary.* Edited by Eirikr Magnússon, M.A., Sub-Librarian of University Library, Cambridge. Vol. II. Published by the Authority of the Lords Commissioners of Her Majesty's Treasury, under the Direction of the Master of the Rolls. London: Longmans & Co., Trübner & Co.; also by A. & C. Black and Douglas & Foulis, Edinburgh; and Thom & Co., Dublin.

*Polychronicon Rannulphi Higden Monachi Cestrensis; together with the English Translations of John Trevisa, and of an Unknown Writer of the Fifteenth Century.* Edited by Rev. Joseph Rawson Lumby, D.D., Norrisian Professor of Divinity, Fellow and Dean of St. Catharine's College, and late Fellow of Magdalen College, Cambridge. Vol. VIII. Published by the Authority of the Lords Commissioners of Her Majesty's Treasury, under the Direction of the Master of the Rolls. London: Longmans & Co.; Trübner & Co. Oxford: Parker & Co. Cambridge: Macmillan & Co. Edinburgh: A. & C. Black, and Douglas & Foulis. Dublin: A. Thom.

volume acquires great interest from the elaborate and exhaustive preface which Mr. Magnússon has at last given us, the earlier volume having appeared without any introduction. Here he tells us all about "Thomas Saga" and "Thomas skinna," this last being the skin book which contains the only complete version of the Saga extant. Thomas Saga, it must be explained, is a general name for the Icelandic histories of our Archbishop, and these are, or were, numerous and various:—

The Icelandic Thomas saga stands in a relation of unique interest to English history and literature. It was in existence at a remarkably short period after the Archbishop's death. It soon exercised an influence nothing short of momentous on the relations between Church and State in Iceland. It secured for the name of St. Thomas a popularity which eclipsed that of every other saint, save the Virgin Mary. As we know it now, it is largely due to the pen of an Englishman who, in the literature of his own country, is unknown as a biographer of Becket; and thus it occupies a position of especial interest in relation to the existing lives of the Archbishop.

This Englishman is Prior Robert of Cricklade (Cricklade), whose Latin life of St. Thomas, otherwise unknown, is expressly and frequently cited by the Saga-writer as his chief authority, and who was himself the subject of "a beautiful miracle"—to wit, the cure of an ulcerated leg—wrought by the departed Saint. Robert of Cricklade, who was Prior of St. Frideswide's, Oxford, is said by Dugdale to have been Chancellor of the University in 1159, and is known as a prolific writer on theology. His life of Thomas of Canterbury was apparently among the earliest importations of its class into Iceland, and it has borne fruit in this Saga. Of the communication between Iceland and England, which was frequent from the Viking period onwards "until the prohibitive trade policy of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries succeeded in excluding all foreign intercourse from the country," and of the influence of English missionaries and English literature, Mr. Magnússon gives an interesting account. The introduction of histories of Thomas of Canterbury appears to have begun at no very long time after his death. In 1195 we find a devout Icelander, Ráfn Sveinbjarnarson of Eyrr, vowing the teeth of a hunted walrus to "the holy Bishop Thomas," and duly presenting them the next spring at Canterbury, from whence Ráfn, as Mr. Magnússon believes—though we cannot quite see on what he grounds his "absolute certainty"—brought to Iceland copies of lives of the great new Saint. Ráfn had a dear friend, the priest Gudmund Arason, afterwards Bishop of Hólar, to whom Ráfn—as Mr. Magnússon again infers—would doubtless present some of these biographies. It is certainly remarkable that Gudmund was the first Icelandic bishop to insist on those clerical immunities for which Thomas of Canterbury had so strenuously contended, and that his assertion of this principle was so injudicious and uncompromising as to result "in violent exasperation and blood feuds, and for himself in an existence on sufferance alternating between flights from one place to another, captivity, and exile." Indeed, the comparison between him and the English prelate was drawn in his own day. "God has made the bishop like unto Thomas in masterfulness"—such is the sense of a couplet by the Bishop's bitter enemy, one Kolbein Tumason, who was given, after the Icelandic fashion, to express his feelings in verse. As we are told that the poetic Kolbein "fell fightuag against the Bishop's 'alma-people,' a rabble of lawless vagabonds," it would seem that in this quality of "masterfulness" the Icelandic prelate even surpassed his English exemplar, who only succeeded in getting himself killed by King Henry's lawless hangers-on.

An interesting part of the preface is that where Mr. Magnússon points out the new or independent matter contained in the Saga. Thus it is curious to learn that in all Icelandic descriptions of Thomas the statement occurs that he stuttered somewhat, and that this is to be found nowhere else. It would take us too long to go through the elaborate examination of the relation of the Saga to the extant English and French Lives; and therefore we will only say that Mr. Magnússon makes it clear that the Icelandic version is frequently drawn from some independent source, and, though sometimes erroneous or confused, is nevertheless well worthy the attention of all biographers of Thomas. The present Saga is, in truth, made up of two Sagas, which the compiler of the book known as "Thomas skinna" has somewhat awkwardly pieced together. The second of these Sagas, which is contained in this volume of Mr. Magnússon's, seems to be founded mainly upon Benedict of Peterborough and Robert of Cricklade, with some additions from Bromton and from sources as yet unascertained. There is a curious story, which the Icelandic compiler gives somewhat doubtfully, that King Henry, on his repentance, "divorced the Queen, gave up the whole realm to his son, and betook himself to a convent of men of pure living, or became a hermit." Of the miracles a large number are believed by Mr. Magnússon to be taken from the book by Robert of Cricklade. One of these, though not in its main lines novel, runs into an elaborate and grotesque fancifulness which reminds us of German or Scandinavian fairy tales. A valuable hawk, which has lost an eye, is brought by its owner to the blessed Archbishop Thomas—that is to say, to his altar—for healing. A young lord, himself a Canterbury pilgrim, is scandalized at this proceeding. "Deemest thou that the Archbishop careth whether the carrion-bird hath two eyes or one?" The Saint's chastisement of these words, which after all seem to have been spoken in reverence rather than irreverence, is prompt—the young noble's eye is gouged out by an invisible finger. On his repenting and humbling himself, this marvel ensues—the hawk receives a man's eye, the man a hawk's, an exchange in one respect to the advantage of the man,

who becomes "much more keen-sighted than before, though he was somewhat odd-looking." But this inconvenience results, that the man is plagued with the wakeful hawk's eye, which keeps vigil nearly all the night; while the hawk with his human eye becomes so sleepy that he can scarcely be roused for flight. Medieval miracles are apt to be odd, but we think that this is about as odd as any.

The eighth volume of the *Polychronicon*, edited by Dr. Lumby, brings to an end the text of Higden and of his translators, Trevisa and the unknown Harleian writer. The book which Caxton added to the *Polychronicon* is also given in an appendix, with indications of the authorities, as far as known, on which it is founded. One of these expressly cited by Caxton, the "lytel booke named Fasciculus temporum," Dr. Lumby has identified with a work printed in Paris; but the book "callyd Aureus de universo" has yet to be discovered, as he rejects the assertion in Dibdin's edition of Ames's *Typographical Antiquities* that it was a treatise by Petrus Aureolus. Of one passage in the text the editor in his preface gives a summary which is likely to be misleading. He speaks, as if he were condensing the narrative of Higden, of "the advantage which the Scots took of King Edward [the Third's] absence to rebel, but were defeated through the energy of the queen." Now, if Higden mentioned Queen Philippa's energy on this occasion, it would be valuable as supporting the statements of Jean le Bel and Froissart. But when we turn to the text of Higden, we cannot find that either he, or the English versions of Trevisa, the Harleian MS., or Caxton, say anything about the Queen. It is the energy of the clergy that is commemorated:—"conriti sunt Scoti ab Anglia, et potissime per clerum Eboracensis diocesis tam regularem quam secularem." Being for the most part a compilation, the *Polychronicon* is not in itself of great interest, except when Higden indulges in some comments of his own—as, for example, the sensible remarks which he makes upon the claim of the ex-King Edward II. to the honours of martyrdom. But, on the whole, we find the translations—even the feeble and Latinized version of the Harleian writer—more interesting than the original. It is curious to see that neither the fourteenth nor the fifteenth century translator knew of the now familiar term "John Lackland" as an equivalent for "Johannes sine terra." "John wip oute londres" or "with oute londe" is the form they adopt. In the forthcoming and concluding volume we are to have the index, with glossaries, which cannot fail to be very valuable to philologists, of the peculiar words found in the Latin of Higden and in the English of his translators.

#### JAPAN.\*

WE have of late been favoured with books on Japan which have filled every stage in the scale of merit and demerit, from the thoughtful and erudite works of men who have made a lengthened study of the country and its people to the trashy, superficial experiences of casual tourists. In the first-named class the work before us is undoubtedly entitled to be placed. It embodies the results of personal researches into the condition of Japan made by Professor Rein, who both by ability and training is eminently fitted for such tasks, and it reflects the information which his official position as agent of the Prussian Government placed within his reach. The present volume, though nominally only a translation of an original work which was published in German in 1881, is to all intents and purposes a new and improved edition. Its contents have been carefully revised by the author, and the information gathered by him during the past two years has been applied to verification of his facts and to amplification of his details.

Professor Rein is well known in the scientific world as a geographer, and his attention was naturally, therefore, primarily directed to the physical features of the country. His chapters on this part of the subject, together with those on the flora and fauna of Japan, are the most interesting, as well as the most valuable in the work. On all these matters he gives us a wider and more detailed view than has been presented in any previous book; and he must be a very inquisitive geographer who does not rise satisfied from a study of the chapters on the "Situation, Size, and Division of Japan," the "Coast Line, Parts of the Sea, Currents," the "Geological Conditions," the "Orography" and "Hydrography of the Country." Very little has hitherto been known of the geology of Japan. The one branch of the subject which has received attention both from natives and foreigners has been that relating to the existence of the precious metals. The rapidity with which Japan has become modernized has been exhausting to the existing wealth of the country, and one of the main objects of the Government has been to transfer some of the wealth which they believed to exist beneath the surface of the soil to the national exchequer. In pursuit of these fabled treasures foreign mining engineers have been engaged to prospect, and with one consent they have all returned the unwelcome answer that the deposits of the precious metals are comparatively insignificant. In fact, the only minerals in which Japan is rich are coal and iron. These, no doubt, will eventually prove extremely valuable possessions; but, with the country drained of coin, and the paper money at forty below par, the Mikado's advisers would probably at any moment willingly discount

futurity for a present supply of gold. Professor Rein's geological researches demonstrate that the predominant groups of rocks in Japan are Plutonic, especially granite, volcanic, and Palaeozoic schists; but, as fossil remains have not as yet been found in these last, it is doubtful to which of the Palaeozoic formations they are to be assigned.

Volcanoes, extinct and active, form a prominent feature in the physical geography of the country. The traces of extinct volcanoes are to be met with in all parts of the islands, and Professor Rein estimates the number of active volcanoes to be eighteen. The term active applied to these last is no figure of speech. With terrible frequency they justify its application, and scatter terror and destruction among all whose lots are cast within reach of their ashes. In 1874 the island of Miyake, distant about ninety miles from Yedo, was almost entirely wrecked by an eruption of a hitherto quiescent mountain. Of this catastrophe the following report was sent to the Japanese Home Office:—"On the 3rd of July, 1874, at 11 A.M., the eruption of Nanahiro-yama began with a loud noise. The earth trembled and rumbled with unprecedented violence. For Kamizuki-mura, at the foot of the mountain, there was no time for escaping, except in the case of one family. About twelve o'clock the old crater sent forth great masses of rock, like little hills (?), and ashes to the distance of a *ri* (2.44 English miles), and a great piece of the sea, 15 *chō* (1636 metres) long and 3-4 *chō* broad, was lifted up and became dry land. Small craters were formed around the old one, and sent stones on high. These as they fell crumbled into red-hot sand. The whole country was covered with it to the depth of some six metres. Near Omori, to the east of Kamizuki-mura, four new hills were suddenly formed, each about five *chō* high and a *ri* in circumference. On the 10th of July showers of ashes were still falling."

This description presents a picture almost as terrible as that given of the recent catastrophe at Krakatoa. But in Japan, where such disasters are more frequent than in the neighbourhood of the Straits of Sunda, they excite little more than a nine-days' wonder. Even commoner still are those quiverings of the earth which usually mark the presence of volcanoes, and so habituated have the people become to them that when the houses begin to rock there is no confusion; every one knows exactly what to do, and does it. During the year 1854 Professor Rein says, "the earth was hardly ever quiet," and in the following year eighty shocks were felt at Tokio within a month; "the most violent of these" was "on the night of the 10th of November," when "Yedo was turned into a rubbish heap, and fire broke out simultaneously in thirty different places. . . . Those of the inhabitants who had not previously thought of saving themselves, mostly perished under beams and ruins; others fell a prey to the flames." 14,241 houses are said to have been thrown down, and 104,000 people to have perished. These figures are doubtless exaggerated, but the number of lives lost was beyond question very great.

Being so highly volcanic the islands are naturally mountainous, and what in consequence of this they gain in beauty they lose in fertility. It is calculated that less than one-eighth of the entire area is cultivated ground, and though from the richness of the soil and the frugal habits of the people this extent is sufficient for the food supply, it leaves no margin of grain to supply the deficiencies arising from bad harvests or for the purposes of exportation. Though non-food-producing, however, the great bulk of the soil abounds in so great a variety of luxuriant vegetation that to the botanist and botanical geographer the country is, as Professor Rein says, the most interesting outside the tropics. Nothing can exceed the beauty of the wild flowers which grow in extraordinary profusion in every nook and corner of the land, nor the wondrous colouring of the native and Chinese garden plants, in which the Japanese so much delight. The love of flowers seems to be innate in that beauty-seeking people. They love to tend and train them, to sit among them, and to paint them. Their botanical works are the most complete and beautiful of any Eastern people, and they can find no more endearing names for their children than those of their favourite flowers. Their forest scenery is magnificent, and the "autumn tints surpass in beauty and variety of pattern and colour the boasted vesture of the North American forests. In particular, oaks and wild prunus . . . wild vines and sumachs . . . various species of maple, the *Dōdan* . . . birches and other trees, exhibit in their foliage an extremely brilliant mixture of colours, from deep brown, through purple, to yellow and white; and, when to these numerous tints of dying leaves and others of the ripe fruits the deep dark green foliage of evergreen shrubs and trees are added, as is the case more to the south, the picture exhibits still greater contrast and variety."

The fauna of the islands is as abundant as the flora, and extends from anthropoid apes to simple protozoa. There is, however, as might be expected, little to distinguish it from the fauna of the neighbouring continent, with which it has a marked community of species, the only variations being the absence of some continental genera and the persistence of others. In common with the Chinese waters, the sea around Japan is peculiarly rich in fish, and contains many species which in other parts of the world are foreign to those latitudes, and whose presence is due only to the existence of the Kuro-shimo (Black current) or Japanese Gulf Stream. This stream begins south of Formosa, and, running up the east side of that island, bifurcates when it approaches the coasts of Japan, one branch extending in a north-easterly direction along the east coast of the islands, the other taking a more westerly direction. One effect of its presence is to raise the temperature of the water four

\* *Japan: Travels and Researches undertaken at the cost of the Prussian Government.* By J. J. Rein. Translated from the German. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1884.



or five degrees Centigrade, and thus to form a fitting habitat for fish which would naturally be found only in lower latitudes.

On all these subjects Professor Rein's work is full and accurate, and forms an invaluable source of information. His chapters on the history also are all that could be desired, and his treatment of the ethnography of the people, though possibly not as complete as it might have been, does infinite credit to the energy of his research, considering that his residence in the country was limited to two years. The shortness of his stay in Japan is probably also the reason why the chapters on the language and literature are fragmentary and imperfect. It is evident that the author's main interest was centred in the physical features of the country, and that on philological and literary subjects he had neither time nor inclination to bestow much attention. His observations on the inhabitants of the islands are well considered and interesting, and he points out with truth that the physical differences between the Ainos, who inhabit the islands of Yezo and the Kuriles, and the Japanese are more apparent than real. The obvious distinction between the two peoples is that, while the Japanese are a smooth-skinned people, having but a slight growth of beard limited to the chin, the Ainos are a family of Esaus. The cast of the features is, however, unmistakably Mongoloid, as is also the case with the Japanese, and the languages of both belong to the same family of speech of Northern Asia.

In common with all foreign visitors to Japan, Professor Rein finds much in the people to like and admire; but with all those who have made a study of the national character he sees that there is another side to the picture. He sees that, with all their intelligence, industry, and politeness, they are suspicious, sensual, and changeable, and he quotes with approval the following verdict on the national character given by M. Bousquet, who, as the author says, had fuller opportunities of appreciating the characteristics of the people than most foreigners.

The private life of the Japanese [writes M. Bousquet] resembles their political life, as perceived from their history, and both resemble the climatic features of the country. Long periods of repose and slumber, alternate with political awakenings and impetuous outbreaks. A natural lethargy, interrupted by violent shocks. The fanfaronnades of the carnival penetrate the mist of melancholy. Everything proves that theirs is a temperament without equilibrium, a disposition tossed like ships without ballast, a passive nature driven backwards and forwards by fits and starts. There is much love of pleasure and surprises; disinclination for persevering labour; sudden flights and sudden flagging in quick succession; much activity, intelligence, and talent; little principle and no character. Like the scourge with which their country is visited (Bousquet means Taifune, earthquakes, and conflagrations), their energy has its long sleep and its disorderly awakening.

In giving to the world the present volume Professor Rein has only completed half his task. One of the main objects of his mission to the East was that he might inquire into the industries and trade of Japan. The results of his investigations on those subjects will be published in a second volume, of which it may be predicted that though it may prove more popularly interesting than the present instalment of the work, it cannot surpass it in abiding value and importance.

#### THE ENGLISH CITIZEN—THE STATE AND EDUCATION.\*

THE editor of the excellent series of "English Citizen" handbooks has had, as compared with most, if not all, of his coadjutors, the advantage of a strictly-defined subject, the history of which extends over so short a space of time as to be very easily manageable. On the other hand, he has had the disadvantage of a subject somewhat technical and dry, occupied for the most part with Minutes and Codes and such-like matters, and exposed to the peculiar danger that when these technical details are overpassed a particularly *dolous civis* of controversy and polemic has to be trodden upon. Mr. Craik's judgment in dealing with this subject appears to us not to have been at fault. He has avoided altogether, or almost altogether, the question how far the State ought to interfere with education, and he has avoided entirely the still more delicate question how far its interferences have been, on the broad ground of national interests or the narrow one of personal convenience, satisfactory. If some of his readers who are convinced that the School Board system is a system doubtfully satisfactory in conception, and profoundly unsatisfactory in execution, find no support from him (as indeed they can hardly expect to find any from an official high in "the Department," and imbued with a decent reverence for the system which the Department works), they will find little direct antagonism, and absolutely no attempt to tread on their toes. Mr. Craik assumes rather than asserts that the vast invasions of individual liberty and parental rights, the universal *nivellement* of education, and the throwing on the shoulders of the ratepayer of a duty not to the natural mind more his than the duty of seeing that the children of his fellow-ratepayers wear flannel next their skin and change their shoes when it is wet, are obvious and unimpeachable extensions of the principle of State supervision. He rather takes for granted than argues that the nearer the approach to the period when there shall be no child under fourteen who is not at school in some way or other, and as few children as possible under fourteen who have not passed more or fewer standards, the happier ought the political student of education to be. In fact he waives the question of opinions and of ultimate ends as much as

possible, and confines himself almost wholly to the history and criticism of the adoption of means to those ends. We think, as we have said before in the case of other members of the series, that this method is a wise one, and that handbooks of the kind are useful exactly in proportion as they abide by it.

Nor has Mr. Craik's intimate acquaintance with the strict facts of his subject deterred him from going, where it is safe, beyond those facts. The account of the proceedings by which the State has in recent years seized the reins of education in England, and altered the fashion of her grasp on them in Scotland, is preceded in each case by a brief, but sufficient and very luminous, account of the history of the subject before these recent changes. Ireland Mr. Craik does not touch upon at all, and the close connexion between the recent policy of education in England and Scotland compared with the different system pursued across St. George's Channel may perhaps be held to justify this. The sketch of the subject proper—of the history of State interference with English education for the last fifty years, and with Scotch for the last twenty—is given in that manner, at once easy and firm, which hardly anything but a complete familiarity with the subject will enable any one to show. Perhaps Mr. Craik is almost too disdainful of those illustrations and broderings of his subject which are gratifying to the weaker vessels among readers, and which the subject itself furnishes in large measure. Once only does he draw on the abundant store of eccentricities which the reports of examiners and inspectors contain, and that is in giving a specimen of inspected school spelling thirty years ago. It is as follows:—

My duty toads God is to bleed in Him, to fering and to loaf withold your arts, withold my mine, withold my sold, and with my serath, to whirchop and give thanks, to put my old trash in Him, to call upon Him, to onner His old name and His world, and to save Him truly all the days of my life's end.

My dooty toads my nabers, to love him as thyself, and to do to all men as I wed thou shall and to me; to love, onner, and suke my farther and mother; to onner and to bay the Queen and all that are pet in a forty under her; to smit myself to all my goones, teaches, sportial pastures, and marsters, etc., etc.

As has been hinted before, there may be obstinate heretics among Mr. Craik's readers who can conceive much greater national disasters and disgraces than the prevalence of eccentric orthography. But that is clearly no business of Mr. Craik's. His handbook, from the comparatively limited extent and homogeneous character of its subject and from his own avoidance of controversy, lends itself less to miscellaneous comment than many of its companions. But, as far as we have seen, it is scrupulously accurate and fair. Perhaps in depreciating the old apprentice system as an indirect method of assuring the education of persons whose parents were not able to educate them, he a little ignores the fact that, in theory at least, the responsibilities of the parent as to intellectual and moral training were fully transferred to the master. Perhaps, like most Scotchmen, he over-values the advantages of the "common" school system. But these are points of opinion in the first place, and of minor importance in the second. If he had diverged into politics proper, or had written from a less purely official standpoint, it would perhaps have been expected that he should dwell more on the inordinate influence which jealousy of the Church of England, entertained by the political Nonconformists, has been allowed to have on the educational legislation of the last quarter of a century. But the plan and tone of the book make it unreasonable to expect this; and, after all, the fact is sufficiently patent to any reasonable reader, even from the rigorously impartial narrative of events which Mr. Craik here gives. In short, the faults to be found with the book are so few and so unimportant (if any one pleases, we may go so far as to say so much matters of individual opinion) that there need be little qualification in recommending it. As a conspectus of the condition, past and present, of a very important branch of the relations of the State to the individual, it is exactly what it should be.

#### THE WORLD'S OPPORTUNITIES.\*

NO English reader is likely to guess from the title of this work that it is a sort of popular digest of statistics gathered from the United States Census Reports. These Reports are well known to be very good and very interesting, but they are not easily accessible; and Mr. Guernsey may be thanked for the pains he has taken to pick out some of the plums. So far as we can judge, his work has been honestly done, with no ulterior object beyond the legitimate one of making a book that will sell. The grown-up reader will find some enjoyment of a kind which the author hardly thought of providing. In illustration of this, we may quote this admirable sentence, printed on the title-page to tell us that the book contains "A view of the industrial progress of our country, a consideration of its future development, a study of the spheres of woman's work, and estimates of the rewards which art and science, invention and discovery, have in store for human endeavour, with an analysis of the conditions of present and prospective prosperity." What can man, or woman either, wish for more? The charm of the thing is that the author has not got his tongue in his cheek. He has honestly set to work to give his reader all he promises; and, inasmuch as he has worked in an excellent mine, he does give some useful ore. But

\* *The English Citizen—The State and Education.* By Henry Craik. London: Macmillan & Co. 1884.

\* *The World's Opportunities, and How to Use Them.* By Alfred H. Guernsey, Ph.D. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1884.

too often he quits the solid ground of the Reports, and labouring nobly to fulfil his appointed task, grapples with all life's problems in succession, after the following fashion:—"To the man who has the capacity and the persistency needed for performing the high duties devolving upon the physician or surgeon, there are few avocations which hold out as high or as certain promises of success. Those who cannot, or will not, do the work belonging to the profession will most likely fail—as they ought—in reaping its rewards." The publishers have contributed some nice illustrations; but they seem to have been chosen because the plates lay handy. Thus, they illustrate "Health and Mortality" by an excellently engraved head of the Ghost in *Hamlet*. Here, again, the honest straightforward method of the author makes us love him. He has disdained to interpolate anything about these illustrations in the text; but in detached notes at the end he tells us plainly what the illustrations are. The Ghost in *Hamlet* is by Thomas R. Gould, an American sculptor in whose productions "we find a powerful originality, and an attempt to render in marble effects usually left to the higher orders of pictorial art." It is a pleasing thing to meet a man who likes his ghost solid. The book is well adapted to be given as a prize to youths who distinguish themselves in the evening technical classes of a country town.

#### WESTMINSTER SCHOOL, PAST AND PRESENT.\*

IN his preface Mr. Forshall tells us, with manifest regret, that the motto of Westminster School "has been changed back to the old 'Dat Deus incrementum'—very suitable to the infancy of a school, but lacking all the dash, both of sound and sentiment, possessed by 'In patriam populumque.'" If he had cast about for a type of the School's history, he could not have found a better than this change of motto. Time was when Westminster had very plausible reasons for ranking first among the public schools of England. "We look to the Universities," says Mr. Forshall, recounting its glories, "and we see, in the time of James II., a compact recognized party of 'Westminsters' bearing the brunt of the struggle with the Romanizing influences at work in Oxford." It has turned out an army of men of note, and a fair proportion of men of genius. Dryden was birched there by the heroic Busby, and Warren Hastings by somebody else later on. Gibbon was a Westminster, though he is not known to have boasted of it; and Cowper spent some acutely miserable years within its walls. It once on an ever-memorable occasion beat Eton on the river, and when Captain Marryat wanted to cite a good judge of boxing, he chose a Westminster boy. In those great times the school took "In patriam populumque" for its motto, but they are past and gone. Competent authorities assert that if we look at the Universities now we do not see "a compact recognized party of Westminsters" doing anything remarkable. The School has fallen on such evil days that a new departure has become pressingly necessary, and it has recognized the fact by again taking up the modest old motto "Dat Deus incrementum."

The changes made in recent years and the new methods now being tried may, and it is to be hoped will, bring back prosperity to St. Peter's College, but they have not as yet done much beyond sweeping away the old life of the school, and Mr. Forshall has written his book to preserve its memory. We can hardly say that he has taken the best way to effect his pious purpose. The book is far too large, and is ill arranged. Its very aspect is forbidding, for it is so thick and dark as to look like a text-book. The readable parts are divided from one another by lists of the names of men who had been at the school, but who for the most part did nothing in particular there or elsewhere. He has included a good deal more which has very little general interest, such as some prologues and epilogues of the yearly play of ancient date. Still, by prudent skipping, a good deal of interesting reading may be got out of Mr. Forshall. His memories of the school go back a long way, certainly to before the sixties, when old usages were still flourishing. It must be acknowledged that they were exceedingly barbarous, and such as only the loyalty of an old public-school man—probably the most unquestioning known form of faith—can approve. The practice of tossing in a blanket seems to have been pursued with a species of passion. When the yearly elections for the foundation were over, the minor candidates were solemnly put one at a time in a green coverlet. "He was then sent into the air six times to the rhythm of the following Latin pentameter:—

Ibis ab | excus|so | missus ad | astra sa|go,

great vehemence, both of intonation and sending power, being manifested at the end of each penthemimer, and especially at the last syllable 'go!'" To Mr. Forshall this seems to have been a genial custom, and he asserts that he never knew any harm come of it. Nevertheless he is constrained to confess that a boy was once killed; but that was a long time ago, and the accident was due to the fact that two minor candidates were put into the coverlet together, and as they came into collision in the air one of them was thrown out and fell on the floor. This blanket-ing must have been put a stop to nearly thirty years ago; but the custom of chairing the head minor candidate went on till 1870. The chairing was performed by carrying the hero of the hour round Little Dean's Yard astride on a ladder. In very early times the Town Boys were accustomed to oppose this ceremony at the

door of the cloister. As the school became gradually civilized the fighting was given up; but the chairing survived till it too was suppressed because it was found to terrify the horses in the Yard. It would seem that before the days when these concessions of modern effeminacy were made every event at Westminster was celebrated by pelting somebody with dictionaries or tossing him in a blanket. Mr. Forshall describes at length the old system of "challenges" for election to the foundation. The candidates were set to ask one another questions out of certain books—the same were used every year, and the boy who had the best memory and kept himself cool won. It was not enough to answer right if the proper formula was not repeated. The challenges have long given place to an examination conducted by papers of the ordinary kind. Another institution dating from the days of the challenges was the "Monos," or "monitor ostii," a watcher on the threshold, not quite so terrible as the being in *Zanoni*. This officer was Queen's scholar of the second year or election, who was told off every day to watch the sun-dial and report the time. At 11.30 he came rushing in and informed the Head-Master that "Sesqui est et undecima"; at a quarter to twelve he reappeared and announced that "Instat hora," like the King in Goethe's *Märchen*; at twelve he came rushing in with his gown streaming behind him, and gasped out "Insonuit hora." The same ceremonies were repeated in the afternoon *mutatis mutandis*. Of course all the school had heard Big Ben long before the Monos had had time to rush up the steps. Naturally Mr. Forshall has much to say about the yearly Latin play, by far the most famous of Westminster institutions. He is compelled to confess the decadence of his old school, but, as might be expected, shows something like a tendency to shirk that painful subject. It was extraordinarily rapid. When William Vincent resigned the Head-Mastership in 1812 the school contained 295 boys; in 1841 it had sunk to 61. There were various reasons for this astonishingly rapid fall. No doubt the wish of parents to have their boys educated out of London had a good deal to do with it, but it will not account for it wholly. The sad truth is that other schools were better. Westminster carried the respectable wish to keep touch with the sixteenth century just a little too far. Since 1841 there have been many improvements and the school has begun to revive. It is to be hoped that it will regain something like its old position, for it would be a great misfortune if London were to lose any more of the public school element out of its education.

#### GERMAN LITERATURE.

COLONEL PRSCHEWALSKI'S third expedition into Central Asia (1) is significantly entitled by the traveller himself "a scientific reconnaissance," and was no doubt undertaken with a view to political and military purposes. It has, indeed, resulted in the discovery, among other things, of the strategic routes by which the Chinese would have been obliged to reinforce their garrisons in Tibet if they had failed to obtain the restoration of Kuldja; routes, it appears, of such difficulty that their persistency in demanding the retrocession is fully explained. These are the kind of discoveries which justify Colonel Prschewalski's taste for exploration in the eyes of his official superiors; if the strictly scientific results of his travel are less important, the fault is not that of the intelligent and observant voyager, but of the barren and uninteresting country. Starting, at the head of a small caravan, from Saisimsk, on the southern border of Siberia, April 2, 1879, the traveller directed his march to Lake Ulungur, crossed—experiencing great hardships—the frightful Desert of Gobi, and pursued a southerly march through North Tibet, relying on the compulsory protection of the Chinese authorities, who dared not disregard the recommendations he had obtained from Peking. On arriving at the frontier of Tibet proper, however, the territory immediately subject to the Dalai Lama, further progress was arrested by order of the Tibetan Government. Prschewalski then retraced his steps to Zaidam, and, turning eastward, thoroughly explored the neighbourhood of the great salt lake Koko-Nor, subsequently recrossing the Gobi Desert and proceeding to Kiachta, a Siberian frontier town south of Lake Baikal, by way of Urga. The incidents of the journey were not very eventful, the inhabitants of the country are not very interesting; its flora and fauna are poor, and the occasional grandeur of the Tibetan landscape arises entirely from its forbidding sterility and ruggedness. It cannot, therefore, be expected that the traveller's narrative should be highly entertaining; he nevertheless shows considerable literary skill, and an almost poetical sympathy with the dreary aspects of nature which it has fallen to his lot to describe. His observation of nature is minute and conscientious; and it is not his fault if the extreme simplicity and monotony of Tibetan life and character leave him little to say of the people except that they vegetate contentedly among their sheepskins, kneading up barley meal with mutton fat, cultivating the soil where it admits of culture, and roaming where it does not, apathetic and incurious, ignorant and superstitious, believing virtually in charms and amulets, and professedly in Buddha. Russia can undoubtedly appropriate the country when she pleases; but this is hardly likely to happen until some other cause of war has brought her into collision with China, as the occupation would be

\* Westminster School, Past and Present. By Frederic H. Forshall. London: Wyman & Sons. 1884.

(1) *Reisen in Tibet und am oberen Lauf des Gelben Flusses in den Jahren 1879 bis 1880*. Von N. Prschewalski. Frei in das Deutsche übertragen von Stein-Nordheim. Jena: Costenoble. London: Kolckmann.



a severe trial to her exchequer. The possibility, however, of the Dalai Lama becoming one day a dependent of Russia, and his spiritual influence being used for the furtherance of her ambition, is one not to be overlooked. Colonel Prschewalski concludes this narrative of his third enterprising journey into almost untrampled lands with a fine passage, worthy of a great traveller. A map, exhibiting the routes of all his expeditions, shows at one view the obligations which geographical science is under to him. The book is pretty copiously illustrated with plates, taken from the lithographs of the original edition, so rudely executed as to give a low idea of the present state of the art in Russia, but still in a rough way enabling us to realize the characteristics of the wild and barren scenery, wastes of level desert, clusters of lumpy, unfinished-looking mountains, bleak summits, and savage gorges.

The history of Poland presents one very special feature of interest. Poland was the only State in Europe where the Crown failed to get the better of the aristocracy. The results were undeniably disastrous; but it does not necessarily follow that the Polish aristocracy were inferior in patriotism or political insight to the nobility of other lands. Count Szymanowski (2), already known for a valuable work on the Poniatowski family, pleads their cause ably in a work mainly based on the "*Leges Regni Poloniae*," 1732. There seems to have been no want of a public spirit similar to that which extorted Magna Charta, but a great want of a middle class to profit by it. M. Thiers's celebrated maxim, "*Le roi règne, mais ne gouverne pas*," appears to be a plagiarism from Zamoyaski's admonition to Sigismund III.:—"*Regna, sed non impera*."

The spirit in which Felix Dahn has wrought at his "*Germanic Studies*" (3) is indicated by his dedication to Bishop Stubbs. The guiding thought is the sentiment that the mediæval nations must be understood by the investigation of their languages and institutions. Only thus can we enter into the spirit of those commonwealths which rose upon the ruins of the Roman Empire, and absorbed so much of the spirit and polity of the latter. The essays which compose the volume are thus conceived in a highly scientific spirit; but, having been written in haste and subjected to no revision, they rather produce the effect of preliminary studies than of a finished work. The most interesting is one on the campaigns of the Emperor Julian against the Alamanni; the most important, perhaps, are the discussions upon servitude among the ancient Germans, and the condition of women. Another essay of considerable length embodies reviews of recent works by Waitz, Sybel, Arnold, and other eminent German scholars. In an essay upon French literature the remark is made that the peculiarities of the modern French temperament already begin to be apparent in the fifth century.

The most important part of the same author's "*Philosophical Studies*" (4) are three essays on the right of free investigation, respectively defending Prantl, Huber, and Arno Grimm against the attacks of the Ultramontane party.

Dr. F. E. König's essay on the main problems of the old Jewish religion (5) is designed as a reply to the scholars and critics who contend that it originated in nature-worship, gradually purified into monotheism by the insight and earnestness of the prophets. Dr. König maintains, on the other hand, that the Jehovah of Moses possessed substantially the same attributes as the Jehovah of Isaiah, and that the process of development only affected ideas of no vital consequence. It is not difficult to refute many of the wild theories which have been broached upon the subject; but Dr. König, while vindicating the spirituality and unity of the Jewish religion in historical periods, contributes little to the investigation of its origin.

Herr Georg Schnedermann's inquiry into the mutual attitude of the Jews and the earlier professors of Christianity (6) contains valuable remarks, but seems encumbered by many things not entirely relevant to the subject. The writer's view of the Jew is, on the whole, unfavourable, but his criticism is not unfair or bitter; his position as a Biblical critic inclines to moderate orthodoxy, but he writes in a scientific spirit, and seems disposed to find points of contact with all schools. His remarks on the allusions of the Evangelists to Judaism can hardly possess much originality; and the Epistles are reserved for another volume. The most important part of his work is probably the chapter on Jewish sects and parties in the time of Christ.

The library of the School Commission at Zwickau is rich in MSS. of the time of the Reformation, among which is a report of some Latin discourses by Luther on the Book of Judges (7) till now unpublished. Dr. Buchwald has made an acceptable contribution to Luther literature by editing the little work, which, if of no great material importance, is yet interesting as belonging to an early period of Luther's career. The date is probably 1516 or 1517; the Reformer still speaks as a monk addressing his monastic brethren, and his future course is only foreshadowed by invectives against abuses in the Church, especially pilgrimages to

Rome. His exegesis is entirely allegorical, and founded upon the patriotic tradition of an esoteric meaning in the Scriptures of the Old Testament; thus Gideon's trumpets are the preachers of the Gospel, and his lamps and pitchers are the bodies of the martyrs.

The Japanese "*Tea-tales*" (8), for which we are indebted to Herr Junker von Lange, are the actual stories told by the Japanese over their tea, and commonly, as it would appear, by professional storytellers. Of these there are two classes—the regularly organized companies that perambulate the country and give entertainments announced by public advertisement; and the solitary storyteller who spreads his mat at the junction of cross-roads, and, kneeling down, begins his patter in the confident anticipation that passers-by will be tempted to listen, and will not depart without leaving copper cash on his open fan. The man, Herr Junker tells us, is commonly a decayed actor; his gestures are elegant, and his pronunciation is correct. From such public storytellers Herr Junker has gleaned his legends, the subjects of which are generally taken from the popular mythology. The title of the first gives a sufficient idea of the general character of the whole. "*Of the Treasure-ship with the Seven Gods of Good Luck; of Momo Taro, who took the enchanted Treasure; and of the Rat that frightened the Devil*." Others are less grotesque, and present affinities to European legendary fiction. The story of "*The Fisher Boy of Urashima*" is wonderfully like the Irish tale of Oisín's visit to the island paradise, and the misfortune he brings upon himself by his return to his own country. The date of both the Irish and the Japanese adventure, moreover, is defined in the story, and they are very near together. "*The Soothsayer's Daughter*" is an anecdote well known in the West in a slightly different form; and "*The Abbot and the Infernal Chariot*," *mutatis mutandis*, might well have appeared in Jacobus de Voragine. The tale of the eating-house keeper who charged his neighbour for sniffing up the steam of his kitchen, and was paid by jingling money in his ear, occurs in *Don Quixote* and in many other places. "*The Maid of Unahi*" is a fine grisly ghost story, reminding us of the legend of the spectral combats of the slain at the battle of Chalons. "*The Travelling Frogs*" occurs also in Mitford's *Tales of Old Japan*, where it is said to be taken from a Buddhist sermon. If the original texts are really the same, it is apparent that Mr. Mitford has practised a slight deception upon his public, very much to the advantage of the Japanese pulpit orator. Herr Junker's versions are, no doubt, literally correct; and the collection as a whole is highly creditable to the fancy, humour, general sense of propriety, domestic affection, and kindly feeling of the nation that finds its habitual amusement in stories of this type. Herr Junker has prefixed to his book an entertaining account of the history of tea in Japan. It is first mentioned under the date 729 A.D., when it was imported from Corea. It began to be cultivated about half a century later, and, after falling almost out of use, was revived about 1200, when it was discovered to possess the valuable property of keeping Buddhist monks awake at their devotions. If in this respect serviceable to religion, it also conduced to sacrilege, inasmuch as General Kono Moronaiwo stripped all the Buddhist temples of their bronze rings to make tea-kettles. Until 1570 the tea-leaves were always powdered; the present method of preparing them was then introduced, and perfected in the eighteenth century. The etiquette of tea-parties is prescribed by a most rigid ceremonial code, framed in the middle of the fifteenth century.

From Russia (9), four tales by W. Goldschmidt, are remarkable as affording what is to all appearance the most faithful delineation of Russian life from the pen of any but a native Russian. They are steeped in an atmosphere of Russian colouring, remind us of no Western writer, and produce an impression of reality hardly inferior to that communicated by the masterpieces of Turgeneff. Their fidelity inevitably makes them participate in those innate defects of Russian fictions which, without diminishing their merits as works of art, disables them from fulfilling one special function of works of art—the communication of pleasure. It is possible to conceive interest in, it is not possible to receive pleasure from, fictions where the good are only introduced to be miserable, and oppressors, spies, and pretentious fools find themselves prosperous and honoured. Every one of Herr Goldschmidt's tales is worth reading, if only for the beauty of some of the characters, and the generosity and sweetness of much of the sentiment; but the better the ideal, the worse the reality; the greater the moral charm, the more intense the feeling of dissatisfaction and depression with which the reader turns away from the general picture of social and administrative rottenness. A manly, cheery, healthy Russian novel has yet to be written; and we can only regret to find the unanimous report of the indigenous painters of morals and manners confirmed by an observer apparently so competent, and certainly so clever, as Herr Goldschmidt.

Fanny Lewald's *Stella* (10), which appears in an English translation, is also in a sense a melancholy book; but it is healthy, and the sadness springs from the accidents to which human existence must always be liable, not from corrupt social conditions. It is a sketch of Roman life at the time of the accession of Pío Nono, and, without being intensely interesting, is very readable.

(8) *Japanische Thee-Geschichten. Fu-sô chô-wa. Volks- und geschichtliche Sagen, Legenden und Märchen der Japanen.* Von F. A. Junker von Lange. Erster Cyklus. Wien: Gerold's Sohn. London: Williams & Norgate.

(9) *Aus Russland. Geschichten von Wilhelm Goldschmidt.* 2 Bde. Berlin: Behr. London: Williams & Norgate.

(10) *Stella.* By Fanny Lewald. 2 vols. Leipzig: Tauchnitz. London: Williams & Norgate.

(2) *Beiträge zur Geschichte des Adels in Polen.* Von Oswald Korwin Szymanowski. Zürich: Schulthen. London: Williams & Norgate.

(3) *Germanische Studien.* Von Felix Dahn. Berlin: Janke. London: Kolckmann.

(4) *Philosophische Studien.* Von Felix Dahn. Berlin: Janke. London: Kolckmann.

(5) *Die Hauptprobleme der altisraelitischen Religionsgeschichte gegenüber den Entwicklungstheoretikern.* Von Dr. F. E. König. Leipzig: Hinrichs. London: Nutt.

(6) *Das Judentum und die christliche Verkündigung in den Evangelien.* Von Georg Schnedermann. Leipzig: Hinrichs. London: Nutt.

(7) *Dr. Martin Luther's Vorlesung über das Buch der Richter.* Herausgegeben von Georg Buchwald. Leipzig: Drescher. London: Nutt.

Paul Heyse continues to work the vein already struck in his "Book of Friendship" (11) in a new series of four tales devoted to the portrayal of this affection in its various aspects. We would not intimate that the vein is worked out, for the new quartet is excellent; something, however, of melodrama may be observed, as though the idea had lost its freshness in the author's mind, and needed stimulus. Of the first story, "Siechentreust," we have already spoken upon its appearance in the *Rundschau*. "Black Jacobs" illustrates the magnetic or demoniac element in friendship; the irresistible attraction exercised by a wild, refractory, and immoral female friend of the humble classes upon a dame of gentle nurture and spotless respectability. "Good Comrades," the story of an acquaintance between an English lady and a German at Rome, which might have led to something more if the latter had not had a wife at home, hovers between tragedy and comedy, and is written in a very elegant style. "The Third in the League" is thrown into a dramatic form, and would be very suitable for private representation.

"Money," the new serial tale in the *Rundschau* (12), illustrates cosmopolitanism in fiction in a different, but not less demonstrative, form than the novel by Ossip Schubin which it replaces. The characters do not belong to all the nationalities of Europe; but the type of fiction is one that has become general throughout European literature—sentimental in motive, but, as a narrative, the work of a keen worldly observer. Herr Frenzel's tale promises to be a good specimen of its class. An oration on the death of Giebel, by W. Scherer, is a worthy tribute to the German Longfellow. "German Memoirs" revive the recollection of a number of interesting works of this class, chiefly belonging to the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Professor Jolly describes very agreeably his residence at Calcutta in the capacity of Tagore lecturer on Indian law, and his excursion to the Tols, or native Sanskrit schools, where the Shastars are taught. "A Reminiscence of Garibaldi" describes a secret mission to Caprera at the outbreak of the Franco-German war of 1870 to induce the chieftain to take up arms against Napoleon. Garibaldi consented; but added that, if the Empire were overthrown, he should fight for the Republic; and it is well known that he redeemed his word. He seems to have made an exceedingly favourable impression upon his visitor. Some autobiographic notices of Turgueneff are chiefly interesting for his assertion that he wrote by impulse, and was unable to determine the complexion of his novels beforehand.

#### FRENCH LITERATURE.

M. SAINT-YVES D'ALVEYDRE'S book (1) is one of those which strike the critical reader with a certain stupor. Judging from a frontispiece which appears here, the author might pass a jury of physiognomists with flying colours. He writes rather well. He is clearly well read. He must be a person of some substance; for we do not suppose that M. Calmann-Lévy would publish a royal-octavo volume of about a thousand pages on a subject which, for shortness, we may call Theosophic Politics, on the chance of the public being so much interested as to exhaust the edition. An intelligent countenance, a facile and well-conducted pen, reading, and money, these are good gifts; and it is certainly not against M. Saint-Yves d'Alveydre that he is obviously anxious to put his gifts at the service of his fellows. But his manner of doing this is unfortunately far more laborious than intelligible. The Empire of the Ram and the Theocracy of the Lamb, the Synarchy of the Lamb and the Ram, the Feminist and Naturalist Schism—such are the wondrous terms which meet the humble inquirer in his pages. Much of them is devoted to that singular bastard mixture of mythology and philology which invariably appears in works of the kind; much more to an historical summary (from the point of view of the Lamb and the Ram, and so forth) of the history of Israel. The future is, according to M. Saint-Yves d'Alveydre in "Judeo-Christianity," which is to abolish "the law of Nimrodism now governing the relative life of States." There is always some danger of speaking with undue flippancy of this queer class of books, in which estimable and even intelligent ideas frequently jostle the grossest absurdities. Therefore, all we shall say is that the general reader can hardly be recommended to our present author, but that persons of some leisure and a curious turn of mind may turn over his vast volume with a possibility of edification and something like a certainty of amusement.

We are inclined to think that we shall have a good many Frenchmen on our side when we say that the French language, or at least French literature, has of late lost its good manners. It would not indeed be either safe or fair to build so wide and high a structure of inference on M. Léon Bloy (2). But he is an example, if he is nothing more. In turning over these essays, which are supposed to "demolish" many things and persons, we find that M. Renan is a "cuistre rénégat" and a "savantasse," that the greatest French novelist of the last five-and-twenty years is "ce quadrupède de Flaubert," that M. Léon Cladel is a "bison vautré en plein cloaque moderne," that Coligny was a "pafait

gredin." We might fill pages with similar flowers of speech; but, partly because some of them would require a very strongly guarded hand to gather, we do not. Of course M. Bloy is only in criticism what the youngest of M. Zola's young men is in novel-writing—a novice who thinks that the secret of art lies in *charge*. But exaggeration is always an exaggeration of something, and we doubt whether M. Bloy would have existed if, as has been said just now, French literature had not to far too great an extent lost its good manners. As for Flaubert and the Admiral, they will probably sleep as soundly as if M. Bloy had not called them the one a quadruped and the other a *gredin*.

M. Hector Malot seems to be getting more and more confirmed in the habit of two-volume novels, and a deterioration corresponding to that which the three-volume system has been accused of producing in English seems to be the chief result. There is no story in *Marichette* (3) which could not have been told with as great, or greater, advantage in half the number of pages. An orphan girl throws herself on the compassion of her uncle, a shrewd and rich but brutal Norman, suffers gross wrong from him, refuses his offer of marriage (uncle and niece, it must be remembered, can marry in France), and after all inherits his fortune. There is much fair narrative work in the book, as there generally is in M. Malot's books, and some of the character sketches have merit. But, as has been said, it is too much spun out, and the catastrophe, when it does come, somehow fails to impress the reader as a final or satisfactory *dénouement*.

Among three or four collections of short stories which lie before us, there is no question but that the precedence must be given to M. de Glouvet's. Although we must confess that *Croquis de femmes* (4) is not, any more than its predecessors, the book for which we have long been looking to fulfil and complete the remarkable promise of *Le forestier*, it contains much good work and very good writing. "Deux procès de femmes" may or may not be an authentic result of M. de Glouvet's legal studies—he belongs, we believe, to the *magistrature assise*—but the story is well told. "Parnay" is a tale of '93, and has much of the extraordinary descriptive power of the author's first book. "Léontine Duval," a quieter study, is also noteworthy. Of the others, *Neuf et dix* (5) deserves by no means ill its recommendatory preface from M. F. Coppée's pen. The last story of M. Paul Perret's volume (6), "Le supplice d'une honnête femme," shows some power; and M. Jacques Normand's collection of lively, though unequal, stories (7) deserves the second edition which it has, we see, reached; though in France, as in England, *l'honneur du bis* is much more rarely given to collected stories than to substantive novels.

#### NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

IT probably appeared a self-evident proposition to Mr. Alexander F. Stevenson that "the story of the great battles of our Civil War will grow in interest as the years pass on." So he has written an account of the battle of Stone's River near Murfreesboro', Tenn. (Boston: Osgood & Co.; London: Trübner & Co.) It is, in our opinion, a very superfluous book. Even in the States they can scarcely stand one hundred and fifty pages on every battle of that war, and here we certainly cannot. Besides Mr. Stevenson is a very poor hand at describing a battle. He loses sight of the whole in the middle of the details, and there is too much smoke and thunder; there are too many noble heroes flourishing swords. The thing becomes a bore. The general impression left by Mr. Stevenson's account of the battle of Stone's River, Murfreesboro', Tenn., is that it was a very confused business. On the Federal side General Rosecrans seems to have sat there and let things slide. His left wing never knew what his right wing was doing. The subordinate generals scrambled along somehow. As for the Confederates, they won the battle as far as it was gained at all, and then the Generals fell out among themselves, and marched them off home. It was a furious struggle between two armed mobs very full of zeal and courage, but with a plentiful lack of discipline. There seems to have been a good deal of something very like mutiny on both sides.

The late Mr. James Hinton had a genius for titles, and his good deeds live after him. *The Law-Breaker and the Coming of the Law* (Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.) is the decidedly striking name of a posthumous work edited by his widow. Criticism on the work itself is manifestly unnecessary.

Messrs. William and Edward Knight have published a hand-book which will, we hope, have a limited circulation—not because it is a bad book, but out of pure Christian charity. This work is a *Patient's Vade Mecum* (Chatto & Windus), and is not likely to find readers except among people who have the misfortune to be ill, or imagine themselves ill. As far as we can pretend to judge, Messrs. W. and E. Knight give good advice. In particular they insist that the patient shall do as the doctor tells him.

Mr. James Millington has produced what appears to be about the thinnest joke of this generation. *Canada's Poet* (Field & Tuer) seems to be a parody of somebody or something not worth parodying.

In the thin, neat, and cheap little book, such as can be con-

(3) *Marichette*. Par Hector Malot. 2 vols. Paris: Dentu.

(4) *Croquis de femmes*. Par Jules de Glouvet. Paris: Plon.

(5) *Neuf et dix*. Par Maurice Jouannu. Paris: Tresse.

(6) *Les misères du cœur*. Par Paul Perret. Paris: Calmann-Lévy.

(7) *Le monde où nous sommes*. Par Jacques Normand. Paris: Calmann-Lévy.

(11) *Buch der Freundschaft*. Neue Folge. Von Paul Heyse. Berlin: Hertz. London: Williams & Norgate.

(12) *Deutsche Rundschau*. Herausgegeben von Julius Rodenberg. Jahrg. x. Hft. 10. Berlin: Paetel. London: Trübner & Co.

(1) *Mission des Juifs*. Par Saint-Yves d'Alveydre. Paris: Calmann-Lévy.

(2) *Propos d'un entrepreneur de démolitions*. Par Léon Bloy. Paris: Tresse.



veniently carried in a waistcoat pocket, the Rev. Henry Solly has contrived to collect quite an extraordinary amount of commonplace and fallacy on the late burning question of overcrowding. His title is *Rehousing of the Industrial Classes, or Village Communities v. Town Rookeries* (W. Swan Sonnenschein & Co.) Mr. Solly comes after pages of prelude to his explanation of the evil and to his remedy. He shows that overcrowding exists because people must live, and cannot live far from their work. Who would have believed it? How wonderful that this has never been seen before! It seems quite clear when it is once explained. Mr. Solly's remedy is home colonization, in other words, co-operative working of farms. That is, he proposes to make the economic river run up the industrial hill in spite of gravitation.

The copy of Coleridge's *Table Talk* in Morley's Universal Library (Routledge & Sons) seems to us better printed and easier to read than most of the previous volumes of the same cheap series. As it was decided to put a small selection from Coleridge's verse at the end, we think that a better choice might have been made than the "Pains of Sleep" to accompany the "Ancient Mariner," "Christabel," and "Kubla Khan." It is possibly a not altogether unhealthy sign of the times that such a book as *John Bull's Neighbour in her True Light* (Wyman & Son) should have reached its twentieth thousand. Mr. Frederick Pollock's *Digest of the Law of Partnership* has reached its third edition (Stevens & Son). Vol. IX. of *The Antiquary*, well bound, well printed, well papered, is published by Elliot Stock, 1884.

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We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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